

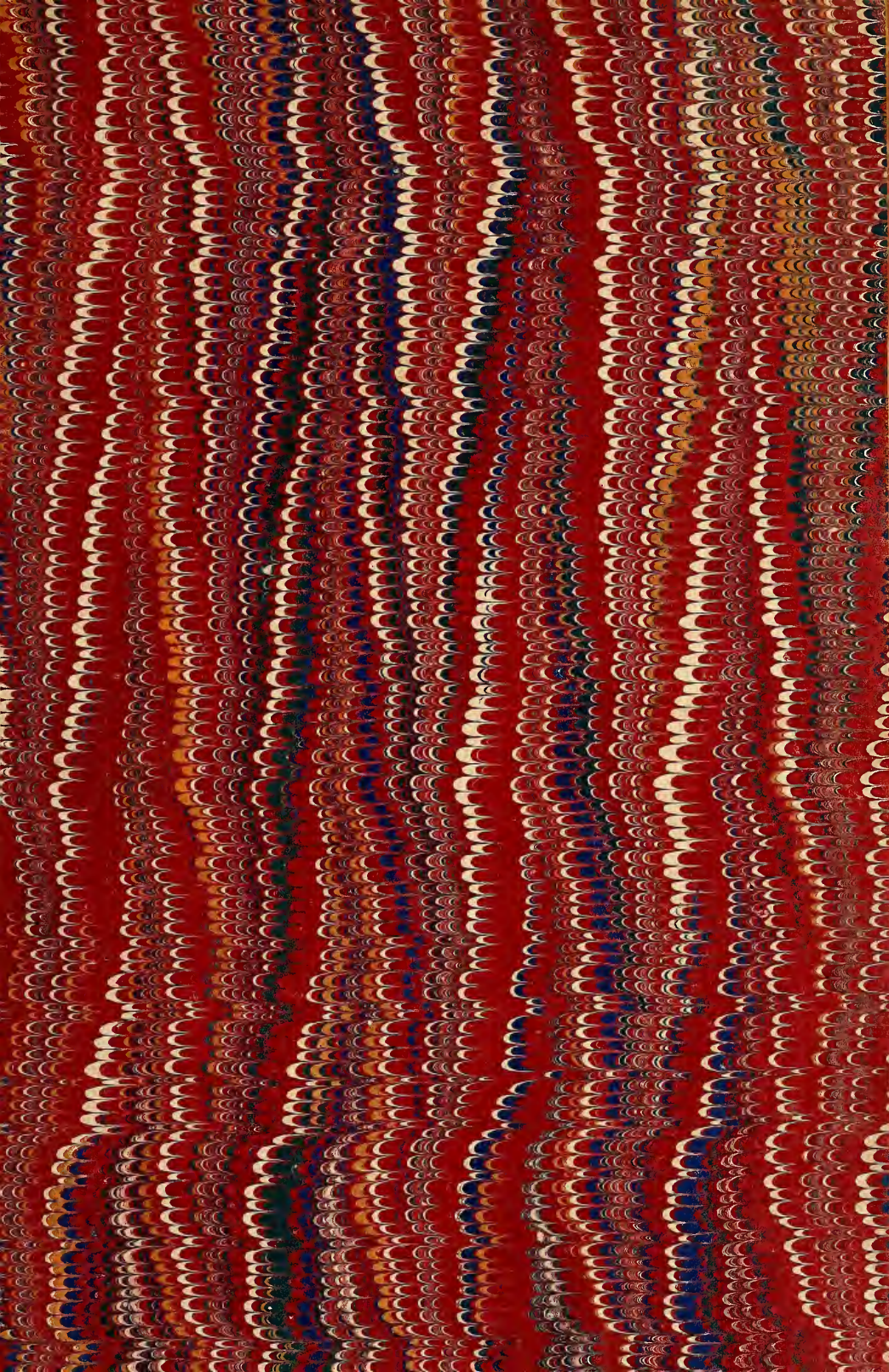
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# CASKET

OF

## LITERARY TREASURES.

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A CHOICE COLLECTION OF POEMS OF  
RARE EXCELLENCE.

---

ALSO, A VARIETY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING READING FOR THE HOME CIRCLE, NOT TO BE  
FOUND ANYWHERE WITHIN A SIMILAR COMPASS.

---

Compiled and Edited by JACOB SEILER.

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VOLUME I.

---

PRICE, - - 25 CENTS.

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SAN FRANCISCO:  
WM. JOHNSTONE & Co., STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, 414 MARKET ST., BELOW SANSOME.  
1877.





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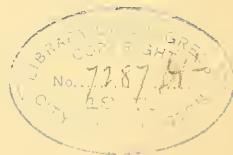
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# PREFACE.

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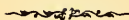
The compiler of this little hand-book of choice poetry and interesting reading matter has been for many years impressed with the utility of such a work, and has accordingly improved every means in his power in accumulating, from various sources, the requisite materials. The object of this work is not only to gratify literary taste or curiosity, but to disseminate useful instruction among all classes of society. A number of the readings are from writers distinguished for high literary attainments, articles remarkable either for the excellent truths they convey or for the admirable rules which they prescribe for human conduct: some for striking incident, and all for excellence. The miscellany generally inculcates, in the most beautiful language, sentiments of piety and virtue. The selections of poetry are carefully and judiciously made, ranging over a wide field of poetical literature, and comprising some of the most sublime, pathetic and touching in our language.

The present publication is Volume I. We hope to issue one volume each year for many years to come. Our design is to make every succeeding number still more and more worthy of patronage—to make it a conservator of well-being, lifting the thoughts into things pure and noble, and at a price commensurate with the means of the most humble in worldly goods.

We launch our little casket upon the waves of popular opinion, trusting it will find its way into many a nook and corner where a larger offering would be inadmissible.



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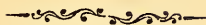
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# THE HOME CIRCLE.



“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

## I.

‘Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne’er met with elsewhere.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet home,  
There’s no place like home; there’s no place like home!

## II.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
Oh! give me my lowly thatch’d cottage again;  
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call:  
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!  
There’s no place like home; there’s no place like home!

## III.

How sweet ’tis to sit ’neath a fond father’s smile,  
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.  
Let others delight ’mid new pleasures to roam,  
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!

Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!  
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!

## IV.

To thee I’ll return overburdened with care,  
The heart’s dearest solace will smile on me there;  
No more from that cottage again will I roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home!

Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!  
There’s no place like home; there’s no place like home!

We have given above the whole of this sweet and touching song, as its author wrote it. Probably the most, if not all of our readers, have seen only the first two stanzas. The last two stanzas are rarely seen in print, and yet we think they are as beautiful as the others.



It is better for parents to instruct their children and seek to make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends.

THE AUTHOR OF “HOME, SWEET HOME.”

[The following, which appeared several years since in *Ballou’s Monthly*, will possess for many no small interest.]

John Howard Payne was born in New York City, June 9, 1792. His father was educated as a physician under General Warren of revolutionary fame, but afterward attained high eminence as a teacher of youth. The family was a distinguished one, Judge Payne, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, being a member of it. John Howard Payne was one of the eldest of a family of nine children—seven sons and two daughters. While an infant, his father removed to this city and opened a school here, which attained great celebrity. John Howard proved a bright and precocious boy. While a mere lad, he commanded a company of youthful soldiers, well remembered by some of our older citizens. Under his father’s tuition, he distinguished himself as an elocutionist, and an actor fresh from London named Master Betty, acting as a juvenile tragedian, urged his appearance on the stage, and offered to bring him out. His father, however, declined. Subsequently, young Payne was placed in a counting-house in New York, and, when only thirteen, commenced the publication of a theatrical paper called the “Thespian Mirror.” His passion for the stage led to his making his appearance on the boards of the Park Theatre, New York, February 24, 1809, when in his sixteenth year. He was completely successful, and starred it throughout the country. In 1818, both his parents being then dead, he visited England, appeared with success at Drury Lane Theatre, and played a brilliant provincial engagement. He next turned his attention to writing for the stage. Among his many successful pieces we may mention the “Magpie and Maid,” “Accusation,” the tragedy of “Brutus” written for Edmund Kean, “Charles II.,” and “Clari, or the Maid of Milan,” in which last he introduced the song of “Home, Sweet Home,” first sung by Miss M. Tree, sister of Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean). Upwards of 100,000 copies of this song were estimated to have been sold in 1832, yielding the publishers a profit of two thousand guineas. Most of Payne’s pieces still keep the stage as standard dramas. But Payne, compelled to sell his pieces for low prices, and failing in several speculations,

returned home in 1832. Soon after his return he issued a prospectus for the publication of a periodical with the fanciful title of *Jam-Jehan Nima*, an eastern title, signifying "The Goblet wherein you may behold the universe." The publication, however, never saw the light. He was next appointed consul at Tunis, at which post he remained a few years, and then returned home. Failing in his attempts to obtain a more lucrative diplomatic mission, he accepted a re-appointment to Tunis, and died there in 1852. Payne was unfortunate in his career. He won fame, but not money. A sort of fatality seemed to attend every speculation he engaged in: but then it is true, he confined himself principally to the most precarious branch of literature, dramatic composition. Managers are hard people to deal with, and theatre-goers are proverbially capricious in their tastes. For the most part of his life he was a struggling wanderer in foreign lands, and may be said never to have had a home of his own.

#### RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and being placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand you mean what you say.

3. Never promise them unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your command.

7. If they give way to petulance or ill temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember, a little present punishment when the occasion arises is more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at any one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow of tale-bearing.

14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence, of an angry and resentful spirit.

CHILD MURDER.—Making a boy or girl of seven or eight study ten different branches of education every day, as they do in some schools.

#### MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone,  
The camp around in slumber lies,  
The night with solemn pace moves on,  
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;  
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,  
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O darling one,  
Whose love my early life hath blest—  
Of thee and him—our baby son—  
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.  
God of the tender, frail and lone,  
O guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near  
To her whose watchful eye is wet—  
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,  
In whose young heart have freshly met  
Two streams of love so deep and clear,  
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,  
O teach her, Ruler of the skies,  
That, while by Thy behest alone  
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,  
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,  
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That thou canst stay the ruthless hands  
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;  
That only by Thy stern commands  
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;  
That from the distant sea or land  
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone  
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,  
May happier visions beam upon  
The brightening current of her breast,  
No frowning look nor angry tone  
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate these forms may show,  
Loved with a passion almost wild,  
By day, by night, in joy or woe,  
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,  
From every danger, every foe,  
O God, protect my wife and child!  
—Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson.

GOOD MORNING.—Don't forget to say "Good morning." Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do your friends good. There is a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It really seems to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is also true of all kind, heartsome greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly.

## WHICH SHALL IT BE?

[The following poem is founded upon an incident where a rich neighbor offered to make a poor family comfortable, and provide for the child, if one of seven were given to him. Some one who has felt the pangs of poverty, and yet been a father, with all the deep and holy feelings of a parent, has clothed it in poetical attire, and breathed into it a spirit of love, devotion, and faith that will find a holy response in the breast of every father and mother who are blessed with little pledges of affection — be they one or seven.]

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?  
I looked at John—John looked at me  
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet,  
As well as though my locks were jet);  
And when I found that I must speak,  
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.  
"Tell me again what Robert said;"  
And then I, listening, bent my head,  
This is his letter:

"I will give

A house and land while you shall live,  
If, in return, from out your seven,  
One child to me for aye is given?"  
I looked at John's old garments, worn;  
I thought of all that he had borne,  
Of poverty, and work, and care,  
Which I, though willing, could not share;  
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,  
Of seven little children's need,  
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,  
"We'll choose among them as they lie  
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,  
Dear John and I surveyed our band:  
First to the cradle lightly stepped,  
Where Lilian, the baby, slept;  
Softly the father stooped to lay  
His rough hand down in a loving way,  
When dream or whisper made her stir,  
And huskily he said: "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,  
And one long ray of lamplight shed  
Athwart the boyish faces there,  
In sleep so beautiful and fair;  
I saw on James' rough, red cheek  
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,  
"He's but a baby, too," said I,  
And kissed him as we hurried by;  
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face  
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,  
"No, for a thousand crowns not him,"  
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—  
Turbulent, restless, idle one—  
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave  
Bid us befriend him to the grave;

Only a mother's heart could be  
Patient enough for such as he;  
"And so," said John, "I would not dare  
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,  
And knelt by Mary, child of love.  
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"  
I said to John. Quite silently  
He lifted up a curl that lay  
Across her cheek in willful way,  
And shook his head: "Nay love, not thee,"  
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,  
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,  
So like his father. "No, John, no;  
I cannot, will not let him go."  
And so we wrote, in courteous way,  
We could not give one child away.  
And afterward toil lighter seemed,  
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,  
Happy in truth that not one face  
Was missed from its accustomed place;  
Thankful to work for all the seven,  
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

—o—

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many a kiss has been given, how many  
a curse, how many a caress, how many a kind  
word, how many a promise has been broken,  
how many a heart has been wrecked, how many  
a loved one has been lowered into the narrow  
chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth  
to heaven, how many a crib or cradle stands si-  
lent now, which last Saturday held the rarest of  
all treasures of the heart. A week is a life. A  
week is a history. A week marks events of  
sorrow or gladness of which people never have  
heard. Go home to the family, man of busi-  
ness! Go home, you heart-erring wanderer!  
Go home to cheer that awaits you, wronged  
waif of life's breakers! Go home to those you  
love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys  
and comforts fast flying by! Leave your book  
with complex figures, your dirty workshop,  
your busy store. Rest with those you love;  
for God only knows what the next Saturday  
night will bring you. Forget the world of care,  
and the battle of life, which have furrowed the  
week. Draw close around the family hearth.  
Go home to those you love, and as you bask in  
the loved presence, and meet to return the loved  
embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a bet-  
ter man, and to bless God for giving His weary  
children so dear a stepping-stone in the river of  
the Eternal as Saturday night.

—o—

A LITTLE girl in Louisville, Ky., has com-  
posed a sentence of 42 letters, which embraces  
all the letters of the alphabet: "John Q. Pardy  
gave me a black walnut box of small size."

## BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.

Have you not heard the poets tell  
 How came the dainty babie Bell  
 Into this world of ours?  
 The gates of heaven were left ajar;  
 With folded hands and dreamy eyes,  
 Wandering out of Paradise  
 She saw this planet, like a star,  
 Hung in the glistening depth of even,  
 Its bridges, running to and fro,  
 O'er which the white-winged angels go,  
 Bearing the holy dead to heaven.  
 She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet  
 So light they did not bend the bells  
 Of the celestial asphodels;  
 They fell like dew upon the flowers,  
 Then all the air grew strangely sweet,  
 And thus came dainty babie Bell  
 Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May,  
 The swallows built beneath the eaves;  
 Like sunlight in and out the leaves  
 The robins went the livelong day;  
 The lily swung its noiseless bell  
 And o'er the porch the trembling vine  
 Seemed bursting with its veins of wine;  
 How sweetly, softly twilight fell;  
 Oh, earth was full of singing birds,  
 And opening spring-tide flowers,  
 When the dainty babie Bell  
 Came to this world of ours.

—T. B. Aldrich.

## A ROMP WITH THE CHILDREN.

Hundreds of men have no time to get acquainted with their children. They see in a general way that they are clean and wholesome looking; they pay the quarterly school bills, and they grudge no expense in the matter of shoes and overcoats. They dimly remember that they once courted their wives, and said tender things in pleasant parlors where the cheerful gas-light sheds its glow, or on moonlight evenings under rustling leaves. The time for that has quite gone by, and they would feel as bashful as a schoolboy reciting a piece were they to essay a compliment now to the lady at the other end of the table. They have forgotten that home has its inalienable rights, and among them, first and chiefest, the right to their personal presence.

Nothing rests a man or woman who has been busy about one set of things better than a total change of employment or feeling. A nap on the lounge is all very well, but after a half hour of it, if the most tired man will shake off dull sleep by a game of bo-peep with the baby, he will be rested much more thoroughly than if he drowse away the whole evening, as too many business men do.

KIND WORDS—WHY USE THEM?—1. Because they always cheer him to whom they are addressed. They soothe him if he is wretched; they comfort him if he is sad. They keep him out of the slough of despond, or help him out if he happens to be in.

2. There are words enough of the opposite kind flying in all directions—sour words—cross words—fretful words—insulting words—overbearing words—irritating words. Now, let kind words have a chance to get abroad, since so many and so different are on the wing.

3. Kind words bless him that uses them. A sweet sound on the tongue tends to make the heart mellow. Kind words react upon the kind feelings which prompted them, and make them more kind. They add fresh fuel to the fire of benevolent emotion in the soul.

4. Kind words beget kind feelings toward him that loves to use them. People love to see the face and hear the voice of such a man.

Kind words are therefore of great value in these hard times.

—o—

CHILDREN OUT AT NIGHT.—The practice of allowing boys to spend their evenings in the streets is one of the most ruinous, dangerous, and mischievous things possible. Nothing so speedily marks their downward course. They acquire, under the cover of the night, an unhealthy state of mind, vulgar and profane language, obscene practices, and criminal sentiments, with a lawless and riotous bearing that is shocking to contemplate. It is in the byways after nightfall that boys generally acquire the education and the capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents, do you believe it? Will you keep your children at home nights, and see that their home is made pleasant and profitable? And if this is true of boys (which no one can deny) how much more necessary is it that girls be kept at home after dark! Nothing good can come of their gadding about when they should be at home, enjoying the social influence of the family-circle, and thus fitting themselves for future usefulness and becoming ornaments to society.

—o—

AN ITEM FOR THE BOYS.—A little boy twelve years old once stopped at a country tavern and paid for his lodging and breakfast by sawing wood, instead of asking it as a gift. Fifty years later, the same boy passed the same little inn as George Peabody, the banker.

—o—

THE office of a wise man is to discern that which is good and honest, and shun that which is contrary.

—o—

GIRL MURDER.—Reducing the waist of a stout girl several inches.

## MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Make your home beautiful—bring to it flowers ;  
Plant them around you to bud and to bloom ;  
Let them give light to your loneliest hours —

Let them bring light to enliven your gloom :  
Make your own world—one that never has  
sorrowed—

Of music and sunshine, and gold Summer air,  
A home-world, whose forehead care never has  
furrowed,

One whose cheek of bright beauty shall ever  
be fair.

Make your home beautiful—gather the roses  
That hoard up the sunshine with exquisite art  
Perchance they may pour, as your darkness closes,  
That soft, Summer sunshine down into your  
heart !

If you can do so, O make it an Eden  
Of beauty and gladness almost divine ;  
’Twill teach you to long for that home you are  
needing,

The earth robed in beauty beyond this dark  
time.

Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings  
Cluster like bees, and their honey-dew brings ;  
Make it a temple of holy revealings,  
And love its bright angel with “shadowing  
wings.”

Then shall it be, when afar on life’s billows,  
Where your tempest-tossed children are flung,  
They will long for the shades of the home-  
weeping willow,

And sing the sweet song which their mother  
had sung.

—o—

DO N’T SLANDER YOUR NEIGHBOR.—No, don’t!  
it’s wicked. He may be innocent of the charge  
alleged against him ; you may have condemned  
him from circumstantial evidence, and it is never  
safe to render a decision upon such evidence.  
Be sure you are right, before you undertake to  
go ahead. Your neighbor may be poor, and  
have no friends ; if so, by kind words and char-  
itable deeds make yourself his friend, instead  
of, by harsh words and arbitrary display of the  
power with which wealth invests you, crushing  
an already humbled heart, and bringing misery  
upon one on whom it would have been just as  
easy, and far more natural, to have bestowed  
comfort and happiness.

The one upon whom you would vent your malice  
may be a widow or an orphan—one deprived  
of her benefactor or guardian ; then be thou a  
benefactor, and suffer not the breath of calumny  
to taint the fair fame of an unblemished charac-  
ter. If there remains one feeling of humanity  
in the bosom of the slanderer, how doubly keen  
must be his remorse when the amount of mis-  
ery he has occasioned forces itself upon him.

When slanderous reports reach you, whether  
you believe them or not, don’t give them any  
greater publicity. It is bad enough to talk non-  
sense, but infinitely worse to talk slander.

## A PURE EXPRESSION.

Every word that falls from the lips of mothers  
and sisters especially, should be pure, and con-  
cise, and simple—not pearls, such as fell from the  
lips of the princess, but sweet, good words, that  
little children can gather without fear of soil,  
or after shame, or blame, or any regrets to pain,  
through all their lives.

Children should be taught the frequent use of  
good, strong, expressive words ; words that mean  
exactly what they should express in proper  
places.

If a child, or young person, has a loose, flung-  
together way of stringing words while endeavor-  
ing to say something, they should be made to  
“try again,” and see if they cannot do better.

It is painful to listen to many girls talk ; they  
begin with a “my goodness !” and interlard with  
“Oh’s !” and “so sweet,” “so queenly,” and so  
many silly phrases that one is tempted to be-  
lieve they had no training at all, or else their  
mothers were very, very foolish women. There  
is nothing more disgusting than the twaddle of  
ill-bred girls ; one is provoked often into taking  
up a paper and reading and letting them ripple,  
and gurgle on like brooks that flow they know  
not whither.

My heart warms with love for sensible girls  
and pure boys ; and after all, if our girls and  
boys are not this, I fear it is our own fault—that  
this great trust rests in the hearts and hands of  
the women of our land.

If we have a noble, useful purpose in life, we  
will infuse the right spirit into those around us.

—o—

TRUST CHILDREN.—Never accuse a child of a  
fault unless you are certain it committed it.  
Children should not be treated with suspicion.  
We should act toward them in this matter as  
we feel we ought to act toward others, only with  
greater tenderness—not less, as is usually done.  
We should always put the best construction  
possible upon their conduct ; that is, unless you  
are sure a child is telling a lie, and can prove it,  
do not show the least hesitation in believing  
what it says. Far better that you should be  
deceived than to run the risk of showing a  
truthful child that you do not trust it. Your  
simple trust makes a lying child truthful. Your  
doubt of its truthfulness may make a truthful  
child a liar.

—o—

## THE LETTERS.

The entire alphabet is found in these four  
lines. You can pick them out if you choose :

“God gives the grazing ox his meat,  
He quickly hears the sheep’s low cry ;  
But man, who tastes His finest wheat,  
Should joy to lift His praises high.”

## IS THERE ROOM IN ANGEL LAND?

These lines were written after hearing the following touching incident related by a minister: A mother who was preparing some flour to bake into bread, left it for a moment, when little Mary, with childish curiosity to see what it was, took hold of the dish, when it fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying witwanger that she was always in the way! Two weeks later little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels? "I was always in *your way*, mother, you had no room for little Mary, and will I be in the angels' way? Will they have no room for me? The broken-hearted mother then 'elt no sacrifice too great, could she have saved her child.

Is there room among the angels  
For the spirit of your child?  
Will they take your little Mary  
In their loving arms so mild?  
Will they ever love me fondly,  
As the story-books have said?  
Will they find a home for Mary—  
Mary numbered with the dead?  
Tell me truly, darling mother,  
Is there room for such as me?  
Will I gain the home of spirits,  
And the shining angels see?

I have sorely tried you, mother,  
Been to you a constant care,  
And you will not miss me, mother,  
When I dwell among the fair;  
For you have no room for Mary!  
She was always in your way,  
And she fears the good will shun her;  
Will they, darling mother, say!  
Tell me—tell me truly—mother,  
Ere life's closing hour doth come,  
Do you think that they will keep me,  
In the shining angels' home?

I was not so wayward, mother,  
Not so very, very bad,  
But that tender love would nourish,  
And make Mary's heart so glad!  
Oh! I yearned for pure affection,  
In this world of bitter woe!  
And I long for bliss immortal,  
In the land where I must go.  
Tell me once again, dear mother,  
Ere you take the parting kiss,  
Will the angels bid me welcome,  
To that land of perfect bliss?

—*Christian World.*

—o—

THE following sentence of only four letters contains all the letters in the alphabet: "John quickly extemporized five tow bags."

## MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby  
Against the cottage wall:—  
A lily grew at the threshold,  
And the boy was just as tall!  
A royal tiger lily,  
With spots of purple and gold,  
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,  
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blue-birds whistled  
High up in the old roof-trees,  
And to and fro at the window  
The red rose rocked her bees;  
And the wee pink fists of the baby  
Were never a moment still,  
Snatching at shine and shadow  
That danced on the lattice-sill!

His eyes were as wide as bluebells—  
His mouth like a flower unblown—  
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,  
Peeped out from his snowy gown:  
And we thought with a thrill of rapture  
That yet had a touch of pain,  
When June rolls around with her roses,  
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,  
With the sunshine shut away,  
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,  
We measured the boy to-day;  
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled  
And sweet as a budding rose,  
Lay side by side together,  
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,  
White as the risen dawn,  
The fair little face lay smiling,  
With the light of Heaven thereon;  
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves  
Dropped from a rose, lay still,  
Never to snatch at the sunshine  
That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby  
With ribbons white as snow,  
For the shining rosewood casket  
That waited him below;  
And out of the darkened chamber  
We went with a childless moan:—  
To the height of sinless angels  
Our little one had grown!  
—*Emma Alice Brown—Chris. Treasury.*

—o—

FIVE of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath; Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness, and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

## THE TRUNDLE-BED.

As I rummaged through the garret,  
 List'ning to the falling rain,  
 As it pattered on the shingles,  
 And against the window pane,  
 Peeping over chests and boxes,  
 Which with dust were thickly spread,  
 I saw in the farther corner  
 What was once a trundle-bed.  
 And I drew it from the recess  
 Where it had remained so long,  
 Hearing all the while the music  
 Of my mother's voice in song—  
 As she sung her sweetest accents,  
 What I since have often read—  
 "Hush my dear lie still and slumber,  
 Holy angels guard thy bed."  
 As I listened, recollections  
 That I thought had been forgot  
 Came with all the gush of memory  
 Rushing, thronging to the spot,  
 As I wandered back to childhood,  
 To those merry days of yore,  
 When I knelt beside my mother,  
 By that bed upon the floor.  
 Then it was with hands so gently  
 Placed upon my infant head,  
 That she taught my lips to utter,  
 Carefully the words she said,  
 Never can it be forgotten,  
 Deep are they in memory graven—  
 "Hallowed be Thy name, O Father!  
 Father! Thou who art in Heaven."  
 This she taught me, then she told me  
 Of its import great and deep :  
 After which I learned to utter  
 "Now I lay me down to sleep."  
 Then it was with hand uplifted,  
 And in accents soft and mild,  
 That my mother asked "Our Father!"  
 "Father, do Thou bless my child."  
 Years have passed, and that dear mother  
 Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,  
 And I trust her sainted spirit  
 Revels in the home of God.  
 But that scene at summer twilight  
 Never has from memory fled  
 And it comes with all its freshness  
 When I see my trundle-bed.

—o—

"THE little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take up the history of one heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggle and temptation it has passed through—the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came." — *Long-fellow.*

## "ONLY A BABY."

We saw the long folds of fluttering crape, and unmindful of the knot of snowy white ribbon, we said, "Who is dead?" And some one passing by made answer, "Only a baby." Only a tender, prattling infant, a promise of something strong and manly for future years, a hope suddenly crushed out, a bud that went home to blossom. Have you ever lost a baby? Ah! me, if so you will never say "Only a baby." You will remember how the little hands wandered to your bosom, how the little head lay nestled close, close to your loving heart every night; how, when wearied with care, the sight of your baby was rest; its tenderness and helplessness drew from your heart its most sacred and holy feelings; you have not forgotten the baby smiles, kisses of the angels; and you have not forgotten the utter loneliness, the empty crib, the last wailing cry, the closed lids, and waxen hands, and the awful stillness when somebody said, "Your babe is dead." How you missed him! the busy little hands outstretched for forbidden things; how you prize the scratches on your best furniture that made you feel so sorry at the time. Here and there are broken toys, reminders everywhere of the baby, for was he not a king in your household, and did he not reign over all its inmates with gentlest sway? You remember how for weeks, lying half asleep, you sought for your baby, how you cried in the night, and refused to be comforted. To others he was, perhaps, "Only a baby," but he was your all you do not want him back now, he *was* yours, but he *is* a jewel in the heavenly crown of Him who hath said—"Forbid them not."

—o—

GOOD-BY.—It is a hard word to speak. Some may laugh that it should be, but let them. Icy hearts are never kind. It is a word that has choked many an utterance, and started many a tear. The hand is clasped, the word is spoken, we part, and are out on the ocean of time—we go to meet again—where? God only knows. It may be soon, it may be never. Take care that your good-by be not a cold one—it may be the last one you can give. Ere you meet again, death's cold hand may have closed his eyes and chained his lips forever. Ah! he may have died thinking you loved him not. Again, it may be a long separation. Friends crowd on, and give you their hands. How do you detect in each good-by the love that lingers there; and how may you bear with you the memory of these parting words many days? We must separate. Tear not yourself away with a careless boldness that defies all love—give your heart full utterance—and if tears fall, what of it? Tears are not unmanly.

—o—

To desire little, levels poverty with riches.—  
*Democritus.*

## THE SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL.

[We know not the author of the following lines, but all will agree that nautical phrase never was more beautifully interwoven in sentiment of the heart's best love for those we cherish with the highest, holiest and purest affection.]

Farewell father—blessed hulk—  
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,  
His cable soon may slip;  
Yet, while the parting tear is moist,  
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist  
In duty to the ship.

Farewell mother—first-class she—  
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,  
And rigged me fore and aft;  
May Providence her timbers spare,  
And keep her hull in good repair,  
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to sister, lovely yacht:  
But whether she'll be manned or not,  
I cannot now foresee;  
May some good ship a tender prove,  
Well found in stores of truth and love,  
And take her under lee.

Farewell to George—the jolly boat—  
And all the little crafts afloat  
In home's delightful bay;  
When they arrive at sailing age  
May wisdom prove the weather-gauge  
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main,  
And though we ne'er may meet again,  
Through stress of stormy weather;  
Yet, summoned by the Board above,  
We'll anchor in the port of love,  
And all be moored together.

—o—

HAPPY EVERY DAY. — Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it for himself: "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles, in themselves as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time and eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy—at all events for a time."

## IT IS BETTER.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shop-keeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better live in a log cabin all your own, than a brown stone mansion belonging to another.

Better walk forever than run into debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit at a pine table, for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension, black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs and faded two-ply carpet than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterer for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better meet your business acquaintance with a free "don't owe you a cent" smile than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

Better to pay the street organ-grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than to owe for a grand piano.

Better to gaze upon bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better to eat thin soup from earthen-ware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef and know that it does not belong to you.

Better to let your wife have a fit of hysterics than to run in debt for nice new furniture, or clothes, or jewelry.

—o—

MISS YONGE, the novelist, suggests a change in the ceremonies of marriage in these memorable words: "Why should not the marriage take place in really early morning, with the celebration at its fit time, and only attended by the bride's maidens, the nearest and dearest to both, and by those friends and relatives whose hearts are in the matter? Later in the day there might, according to the circumstances of the family, be a full festival, including neighbors, and, above all, those special guests of our Lord's own wedding feast, the poor and the maimed, the halt and the blind. Might not this, for the very reason that it would be a grievance to the world, be more like a Christian wedding and a safer beginning of the journey through life?"

—o—

DO SOME GOOD IN THE WORLD. — Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not see a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them as instruments of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O, man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that time can never destroy.

## TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,  
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear ;  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers, holding yours so tight ;  
You do not prize this blessing over-much,  
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness ! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day—  
We are so dull and thankless ; and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me  
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly  
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,  
You miss this elbow from your tired knee ;  
This restless curling head from off your breast,  
This hisping tongue that chatters constantly ;  
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,  
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again ;  
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,  
I could not blame you for your heartache then !

I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown ;  
Or that the footprints when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.  
If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear its patter in my home once more.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—  
There is no woman in God's world would say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
But ah ! the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never rumpled by a shining head ;  
My singing birdling from its nest has flown,  
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

—Aldine.

—o—  
How to Grow Rich.—Nothing is more easy  
than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—  
to befriend none—to get everything, and save  
all we get—to stint ourselves and everybody  
belonging to us—to be the friend of no man,  
and have no man for our friend—to heap interest  
upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean,  
miserable and despised for some twenty or  
thirty years—and riches will come as sure as  
disease and disappointment. And when pretty  
nearly enough wealth is collected by a disregard  
of all the charities of the human heart,  
and at the expense of every enjoyment, save  
that of wallowing in filthy meanness—death  
comes to finish the work—the body is buried  
in a hole, the heirs dance over it, and the spirit  
goes—where ?

## WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN READ ?

A bad book, magazine, or newspaper is as  
dangerous to your child as a vicious companion,  
and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead  
him away from the paths of safety. Every  
parent should set this thought clearly before his  
mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your  
children read, and especially to the kind of pa-  
pers that get into their hands, for there are now  
published scores of weekly papers, with at-  
tractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as  
hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to  
a healthful body.

Many of these papers have attained large cir-  
culations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of  
vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders  
of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the  
imagination and allure the weak and unguarded  
from the paths of innocence. The danger to  
young persons from this cause was never so great  
as at this time ; and every father and mother  
should be on guard against an enemy that is sure  
to meet their child.

Our mental companions—the thoughts and  
feelings that dwell with us when alone, and in-  
fluence our actions—these are what lift us up or  
drag us down. If your child has pure and good  
mental companions, he is safe ; but if, through  
corrupt books and papers, evil thoughts and im-  
pure imaginings get into his mind, his danger is  
imminent.

Look to it, then, that your children are kept  
as free as possible from this taint. Never bring  
into your house a paper or periodical that is not  
strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such  
get into the hands of your growing-up boys.—  
*Arthur's Magazine.*

—o—  
THE WIFE.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart.  
The absence of content, the mutterings of  
spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home,  
the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth, these,  
and other nameless neglects, without crime  
among them, have harrowed to the quick the  
heart's core of many a man, and planted there,  
beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark de-  
spair. O, may woman, before that sight ar-  
rives, dwell on the recollection of her youth,  
and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful  
time, awaken and keep alive the promise she so  
kindly gave. And though she may be the in-  
jured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, and  
not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to the  
hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a  
comfortable home—a smile of love to banish  
hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the  
past, and the hardest heart that was ever locked  
within the breast of selfish man will soften to  
her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped,  
her years of matchless bliss, loved, loving and  
content—the source of comfort and the spring  
of joy.—*Chambers' Journal.*

## DON'T STAY LATE TO-NIGHT.

The hearth of home is beaming  
 With rays of rosy light,  
 And lovely eyes are gleaming  
 As fall the shades of night ;  
 And while thy steps are leaving  
 The circles pure and bright,  
 A tender voice, half grieving,  
 Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest  
 Is busy, brave and wide,  
 The world of her thou lovest  
 Is on the ingle side.  
 She waits for thy warm greeting,  
 Thy smile is her delight ;  
 Her gentle voice entreating  
 Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world is cold, inhuman,  
 Will spurn thee in thy fall ;  
 The love of one pure woman  
 Outlasts and shames them all.  
 Thy children will cling round thee,  
 Let fate be dark or bright.  
 At home no shaft will wound thee,  
 Then, "Don't stay late to-night."  
*—Ladies' Portfolio.*

—o—

## "DON'T STAY LONG."

## A SKETCH FOR WIVES' HUSBANDS ONLY.

"Don't stay too long, husband," said a young wife, tenderly, in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied spoke volumes. It told all the vast depths of a woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband"—and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife, sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, and every few moments running to the door to see if he was in sight, and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones, "Not yet!"

"Don't stay long, husband"—and I again thought I could see the young wife, rocking nervously in the great arm-chair and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

"Don't stay long, husband"—and the young wife's look seemed to say: "For here in your own sweet home is a loving heart whose music is hushed when you are absent; here is a soft breast to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips, unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon."

Oh, you that have wives to say, "Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world the quiet joy that a home, blessed with such a woman's presence, will afford.

Husbands, would you bring sunshine and joy into your homes? Then spend your leisure hours with your families, and employ the time in pleasant words and kind actions, and you will realize in all its richness what is so beautifully described by the poet:

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
 Of Paradise that has survived the Fall.

*—The Mother's Magazine.*

—o—

## ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

A CHRISTIAN mother, when praying beside her little boy, had mentioned his name in her prayer. Upon rising from her knees, he said, "I am glad you told Jesus my name, for when He sees me coming He will say, 'Here comes little Willie Johnson.'"

"PAPA," said a boy, "what is punctuation?" "It is the art of putting stops, my child." "Then I wish you'd go down into the cellar and punctuate the beer barrel, as the ale is running all over the floor."

"CHARLEY, what makes you so sweet?" "I dess when Dod made me out of dust he put a little thugar in."

ONE of a chubby class of four-year-old Sunday-school scholars, when talked to by his teacher about the sins and frailties of the body, was asked, "Well, my son, what have you beside this sinful body?" Quick as thought, the little fellow responded, "A tean shirt and this nice pair of breeches."

A LITTLE four-year-old, of Bristol, went to Providence, the other day, and, in the depot, was accosted by a Quaker lady, who asked; "How old art thou, little girl?" She looked up in the face of the Quakeress, and replied: "I'm not art thou; I'm little Jennie."

THERE never was a more touching story than that of the little Birmingham girl who, hearing that the cemetery was flooded, crept out of her bed early in the morning, and was soon found, waist-deep in water, weeping over her mother's grave. The little thing feared that the grave would be washed away.

"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy, who answered, and said: "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, derivation, amputation, creation, and adoption!"

## OUR GARDENS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Let us weed our gardens,  
 Children, one and all,  
 Weed our precious flowers,  
 While the weeds are small.  
 Our hearts are our gardens,  
 And God planted there  
 Flowers of love and virtue,  
 Saying, "Tend with care."

But, my little sisters,  
 We have cultured seeds,  
 Of envy, spite, and malice,  
 And the noxious weeds,  
 Growing large and larger,  
 Strengthening hour by hour,  
 If we do not pull them,  
 Will choke out each flower.

Let us weed our gardens  
 While we yet are small,  
 Uproot spite and envy,  
 That worst weed of all.  
 No true, noble woman,  
 Ever yet, I know,  
 Let the weed of envy  
 In her garden grow.

We must tend our flowers  
 With the greatest care,  
 So God's angels, seeing  
 But sweet blossoms there,  
 May inform the Master  
 How faithful we have been,  
 Keeping all our flowers  
 Clean from weeds of sin.

—o—

## WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

THEIR LAST INTERVIEW.

Who that has parted with an aged mother, and received her last blessing as he was about to go forth into a land of strangers to seek a home for himself, can read the following last interview between Washington and his mother, and suppress the rising tear that starts, unbidden, at the remembrance of such a scene. Time may dim the recollection of many of the incidents of youth when we come in contact with the world, but there is a magic in the mother's voice—her well-remembered tone of admiration, her kindness and unceasing care will rise up before him who loved her, and follow him as a guardian angel in all the varied scenes of life. Happy the man who was blessed with such a mother, and loved her—happier he who, having such, forgets not her love, her kindness and instruction.

Immediately after the organization of the present government, General Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his depart-

ure for New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly marked the ravages a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her:

"The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the Chief Magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and"—Here the matron interrupted him:

"You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God, I am somewhat prepared for a better world. But go, George, fulfill the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

The President was deeply affected. His head rested on the shoulder of his parent. That brow on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman Senate in its Fabrian day, was bent in full tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to his paternal mansion and the days of his youth, and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instructions and discipline had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her from whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more.

The matron's predictions were true. The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame completed its triumph and she expired at the age of eighty-five, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

—o—

A WRITER in *The Schoolboy Magazine* has gathered together the following dictionary words as defined by certain small people here and there:

Back-biter—A flea.

Fan—A thing to brush the warm off with.

Fins—A fish's wings.

Ice—Water that stayed out in the cold, and went to sleep.

Nest egg—The egg the old hen measures by to make new ones.

Pig—A hog's little boy.

Snoring—Letting off sleep.

Snow—Rain all popped out white.

Stars—the moon's eggs.

Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned.

## BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

A gentle voice, a heartfelt sigh,  
A modest blush, a speaking eye,  
A manner unaffected, free;  
These things are beautiful to me.

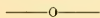
A ready hand, a loving heart,  
A sympathy that's free from art,  
A *real* friend among the few;  
These things are beautiful and true.

A mother's prayer, an answer mild,  
An aged sire, a little child,  
A happy home, a cheerful hearth;  
These things are beautiful on earth.

A joyful song, a chorus sweet,  
An earnest soul and willing feet,  
A day of peace, a night of rest;  
These things are beautiful and blest.

A sister's love, a brother's care,  
A spotless name, a jewel rare,  
A cleanly tongue, that will not lie;  
These things are beautiful—and why?

Because they all are born of love,  
And emanate from God above;  
An earnest of the heavenly birth,  
These things are beautiful on earth.



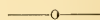
## WOMAN'S LOVE.

The following beautiful and touching extracts are taken from a letter written by a dying wife to her husband, which was found by him, some time after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear-marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his devoted wife, who died, it is stated, at the early age of nineteen. It shows how fathonless is the depth of a true woman's affection.

"When this shall reach your eye, dear J., some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold, white stone be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long, restless nights, when all my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and, although to you and to others it might seem but the nervous imagination of a girl, yet, dear J., it is not so. Many weary, weary hours have I

passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard, indeed, it is to struggle on silently alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave you forever and go down alone in the dark valley! 'But I know in whom I have trusted,' 'leaning on His arm I fear no evil.' Don't blame me for keeping all this even from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into the Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit.

"Yours is the privilege of watching through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and transferring my sinking head from your breast to the Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought; the feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glazed in death—and our spirits shall hold one last communion until gently fading from my view—the last of the earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear J., where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place, and, as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and brightening the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each has thought that one of us would come alone; and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But you loved the spot; I know you'll love me none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that covers your Mary's grave. I know you will go often alone, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches—I am not lost, but gone before."



THE POOR BOY.—Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow; it is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word from your lips, or to smell the fumes of tobacco in your breath. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companion; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. Fear God, my boy, and if you are poor but honest, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man and were addicted to bad habits.

## SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

In an old churchyard stood a stone,  
 Weather-marked and stained,  
 The hand of time had crumbled it,  
 So only part remained.  
 Upon one side I could just trace,  
 "In memory of our mother!"  
 An epitaph which spoke of "home"  
 Was chiseled on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame  
 High towering to the skies;  
 I'd seen the sculptured marble stone  
 Where a great hero lies;  
 But by this epitaph I paused,  
 And read it o'er and o'er,  
 For I had never seen inscribed  
 Such words as these before.

"She always made home happy!" What  
 A noble record left;  
 A legacy of memory sweet  
 To those she left bereft;  
 And what a testimony given  
 By those who knew her best,  
 Engraven on this plain, rude stone  
 That marked their mother's rest!

It was a humble resting-place,  
 I know that they were poor,  
 But they had seen their mother sink  
 And patiently endure:  
 They had marked her cheerful spirit,  
 When bearing, one by one,  
 Her many burdens up the hill,  
 Till all her work was done.

So when was stilled her weary head,  
 Folded her hands so white,  
 And she was carried from the home  
 She'd always made so bright,  
 Her children raised a monument  
 That money could not buy  
 As witness of a noble life  
 Whose record is on high.

A noble life; but written not  
 In any book of fame;  
 Among the list of noted ones  
 None ever saw her name;  
 For only her own household knew  
 The victories she had won—  
 And none but they could testify  
 How well her work was done.

—o—

A LITTLE five-year-old girl had been told that it was night on the other side of the world when it was daylight on this. As a proof that this astronomical fact had taken root she exclaimed, upon rising the next morning: "Now they are just goin' to bed in China, and the skeeters are beginning to bite 'em."

## THE BIRD'S APPEAL.

Little girl with golden hair,  
 Listen to a poor bird's prayer;  
 Boy, with brow of careless glee,  
 Do not scorn a mother's plea.  
 Do not steal my nest, so neat,  
 And my baby birds so sweet;  
 What know you of all they need,  
 How to warm, or how to feed?  
 Boy and girl, your mother oft  
 Strokes your brow with fingers soft;  
 She loves you, as I love these,  
 Do bring back my darlings, please.  
 Hard we worked, my mate and I;  
 Many a sunny morn went by;  
 But we rested not, nor played,  
 Till our cosy home was made.  
 Then what songs my partner sung  
 While I brooded o'er the young!  
 What long flights o'er vale and hill  
 We have had their mouths to fill!  
 Show us mercy—you are strong—  
 Do not such a cruel wrong,  
 Lest yourself may vainly plead  
 For the mercy you may need.

—Sunday-School Visitor.

—o—

## GO HOME, BOYS!

Boys, *don't hang around the corners of the streets.* If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right on, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners, and at the stables, they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco and to do many other things which they ought not to do. Do your business and then go home. If your business is play, play, and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I was the town I would give the boys a good, spacious play-ground. It should have plenty of soft, green grass, and trees and fountains, and broad space to run and jump, and to play suitable plays. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended I would tell them to go home.

For when boys hang round street corners and the stables, they get slouchy and listless. Of all things I dislike a listless boy or girl. I would have a hundred boys like a hundred yachts, with every spar straight and every rope taut, the decks and sides clean, the rigging all in order, and everything ready to slip the cable, and fly before the wind when the word comes to go.

But this cannot be if you lounge about the corners, and idle away your time at the stables and the saloons.

When you are from home have some business; and then go home.—Sunday-School Scholar.

## THE LITTLE HAND.

The following beautiful lines were written by Honoria Marshall, wife of Sir Henry Lawrence, who was killed in the beginning of the Sepoy rebellion in India. They may prove profitable reading, not only to the young, but to older persons as well :

That hand of thine, my precious child,  
How oft its soft caress I woo,  
And ask, with many a hope and fear,  
What is that little hand to do ?

How ductile, soft, unworn by toil,  
The ready instrument of play,  
It executes the fancies quaint  
That make thy life one holiday.

It rolls the ball, it guides the pen,  
And cyphers strange can deftly trace ;  
And oft, with warm affection's gush,  
It fondly strokes my careworn face.

The mimic arms it well can wield,  
And rein thy small and stately steed ;  
And when we con the lettered page  
Points to the tiny words we read.

And in thy parents' hands 'tis clasped,  
When night and morn our prayer is prayed,  
And pillows oft thy rosy cheek  
When slumber's spell is on thee laid.

Twill not be always thus, my boy,  
For real life has other tasks ;  
*What is that little hand to do ?*  
Once more thy yearning mother asks.

Is it to guide the seaman's helm,  
Or point the gun 'mid flashing swords ?  
Or will it wield the student's pen,  
And clothe thy thoughts in living words ?

Will it be hard and worn with toil,  
Or pale with sickness' livid hue :  
Oh, could thy mother's heart divine  
What is that little hand to do.

But, might her fervent prayer prevail,  
Unsullied should that hand remain,  
Clean from corruption's filthy touch,  
And pure from every sinful stain.

Still ready for thy Master's work,  
The servant of a willing mind,  
More prompt to give than to receive,  
And grasped in many a greeting kind.

And may another hand be found  
To hold it in love's wedded grasp ;  
And may the hands which God then joins  
Be one till death shall lose their clasp.

## A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Richard Cecil records the following as his experience :—" Nothing used to impress upon my mind the reality and the excellence of religion so much as my mother's counsels and prayers. Frequently she retired with her children to a private room, and after she had read the Bible with us and given us some good instruction and advice, she kneeled down with us, and offered a prayer, which, for apparent earnestness and fervor, I have seldom known equalled. These seasons were always pleasant to us ; and sometimes we looked forward to them with impatience. My mother seemed to me then almost an angel ; her language, her manner, the very expression of her countenance, indicating great nearness to the throne of grace. I could not have shown levity at such times. It would have been impossible. I felt then it was a great blessing to have a praying mother, and I have felt it much more sensibly since. These prayers and counsels time will never efface from my memory. They form, as it were, a part of my very constitution."

## TELLING MOTHER.

A cluster of young girls stood about the door of the school-room, one afternoon, engaged in close conversation, when a little girl joined them, and asked them what they were doing. " I am telling the girls a *secret*, Kate, and we will let you know, if you promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

" I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. " I tell her every thing, for she is my best friend."

" No, not even your mother ; no one in the world."

" Well, then, I can't hear it ; for *what I can't tell my mother is not fit for me to know.*" After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure that if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken as a rule of conduct.

As soon as a boy listens to a conversation at school, or on the play-ground, which he would fear or blush to repeat to his mother, he is in the way of temptation, and no one can tell where he will stop. Many a man dying in disgrace, in prison, or on the scaffold, has looked back with bitter remorse to the time when the first sinful companion gained his ear, and came between him and a pious mother. Boys and girls, if you would lead a Christian life, and die a Christian death, make Kate's reply your rule : " What I cannot tell my mother is not fit for me to know ;" for a pious mother is your best friend.

## NOBODY'S CHILD.

Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,  
With my torn old dress and bare, cold feet,  
All day I've wandered to and fro,  
Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go;  
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,  
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;  
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?  
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,  
And warmth and beauty and all things bright;  
Beautiful children in robes so fair  
Are caroling songs in rapture there.  
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,  
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,  
Wandering alone in the merciless street,  
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down,  
In its terrible blackness all over the town?  
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,  
On the cold, hard pavement alone to die?—  
When the beautiful children their prayers have  
said,

And mammas have tucked them up safely in bed,  
No dear mother upon me smiled;  
Why is it, I wonder? I'm nobody's child.

No father, no mother, no sister, not one  
In all the world loves me; e'en the little dogs run  
When I wander too near them, 'tis wondrous  
to see

How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!  
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but, sometimes, when I lie  
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,  
Watching for hours some large, bright star,  
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white-robed nameless things,  
Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings;  
A hand that is strangely soft and fair  
Caresses gently my tangled hair,  
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—  
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—  
Calls me many a dear pet name,  
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame.

And tells me of such unbounded love,  
And bids me come up to their home above;  
And then with such pitiful, sad surprise,  
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,  
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,  
I am going up to that world of light,  
And away from the hunger and storm so wild;  
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

## BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

[This is a pretty little poem for a child to recite.]

Beautiful ground on which we tread,  
Beautiful heaven above our head.

Beautiful flowers, and beautiful trees,  
Beautiful land, and beautiful seas.

Beautiful sun that shines so bright,  
Beautiful stars with glittering light.

Beautiful Summer, beautiful Spring,  
Beautiful birds that merrily sing.

Beautiful lambs that frisk and play,  
Beautiful night, and beautiful day.

Beautiful lily, beautiful rose,  
Beautiful every flower that grows.

Beautiful drops of pearly dew,  
Beautiful hills and vales to view.

Beautiful flower and beautiful leaf,  
Beautiful world, though full of grief.

Beautiful every tiny blade,  
Beautiful all that God hath made.

## GOOD NIGHT.

How tenderly and sweetly falls the gentle  
"good night" into loving hearts, as members  
of a family separate and retire for the night.  
What myriads of hasty words and thoughtless  
acts, engendered in the hurry and business of  
the day, are forever blotted out by its benign  
influence. Small token, indeed; but it is the  
little courtesies that make up the sum of a hap-  
py home. It is only the little courtesies that  
can so beautifully round off the square corners  
in the home of laboring men and women.

The simple "I thank you" for a favor re-  
ceived will fill with happiness the heart of the  
giver. True wealth is not counted by dollars  
and cents, but by gratitude and affection of  
the heart. If a home be happy, it is of heaven  
the truest earthly symbol. If a home be happy,  
whether the owner possess a patch of ground or  
one thousand acres, they are indeed wealthy  
beyond mathematical calculation. Then how  
much the more lovingly are the sable folds of  
night gathering around the happy homes;  
much more confidently do its members deport  
their weary bodies in the care of divine good-  
ness, smoothing their over-taxed minds to the  
living realities of a beautiful dreamland; awak-  
ing refreshed and invigorated for the coming  
day's labor, by their having bid their loved  
ones an affectionate "good night."

And if, during this life, we have faithfully  
attended to all these little courtesies, these  
little soul needs; if we have guarded carefully  
all "God's hearts" placed in our keeping, at  
the close of its brief, yet eventful day, how  
much the easier to bid all our dearly-beloved  
ones a final "good night."

A LITTLE boy heard his mother tell of eight-  
een head of cattle being burnt the other night.  
"Weren't their tails burnt, also?" he inquired.

## WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall  
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest ;  
The stars shine gloriously—and all  
Save me is blest.

Mother, I love thy grave !  
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,  
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave  
Above thy child ?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must  
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow ?  
Dear mother, 'tis thy emblem ; dust  
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—  
To leave, untasted, life's dark, bitter streams ;  
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,  
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,  
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,  
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear,  
With bitter tears ?

Ay must I linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,  
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,  
Went down with thee ?

Oft from life's withered bower,  
In still communion with the past, I turn  
And muse upon the only flower  
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale  
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,  
I stray to hear the night winds wail  
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown ?  
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there ;  
I listen, and thy gentle tone  
Is on the air.

Oh come—while here I press  
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild  
And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
Bless, bless thy child !

Yes, bless thy weeping child,  
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—  
Oh, give this spirit undefiled,  
To blend with thine.

## THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY

## FROGS AT SCHOOL.

Twenty froggies went to school  
Down beside a rushy pool :  
Twenty little coats of green,  
Twenty vests, all white and clean.  
"We must be in time," said they ;  
"First we study, then we play ;  
That is how we keep the rule  
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,  
Called the classes in their turn ;  
Taught them how to nobly strive,  
Likewise how to leap and dive ;  
From his seat upon the log,  
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog !"   
Also how to dodge a blow  
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast ;  
Bullfrogs they became at last ;  
Not one dunce among the lot,  
Not one lesson they forgot ;

Polished in a high degree,  
As each froggie ought to be ;  
Now they sit on other logs,  
Teaching other little frogs.

—George Cooper.

## JAMIE, THE SAILOR BOY.

In a very small village there lived a little  
Scotch boy named Jamie. His mother loved  
him and he loved his mother. This little boy  
wanted to be a sailor. His mother did not like  
the idea of losing her little Jamie, but he had  
read so much about sailors and about foreign  
lands that he said :

"Oh, mother, I do want to be a sailor!" and  
at last his mother said :

"Jamie, you shall go." She gave him her  
blessing, and added :

"Jamie, wherever you are, whether at sea  
or on land, never forget to acknowledge your  
God ; and give me a promise that you will  
kneel down every night on shipboard and say

your prayers. If the sailors laugh at you, don't mind ; say them, and trust in God."

Little Jamie looking up to his mother, the tears trickling down his cheeks, and said, "Mother, I promise you I will."

The boy went on board a ship bound for India. They had a good captain and some very good sailors, and when little Jamie knelt down at night there was no one who laughed at him. He had an easy time of it then. But coming back from India, some of the sailors deserted, and the captain had to get fresh ones ; among them was a very bad fellow. The first night, when the sailors had gone to their berths, seeing little Jamie kneel down to say his prayers, he went up to him and, giving him a box on the ear, said :

"None of that here, sir."

Now, among the crew there was another sailor, a swearing sailor, I am sorry to say, but I think he had been taught what is right when he was a lad. He came up to this bad fellow who had struck the boy, and said :

"Come on deck and I will give you a thrashing," and they went on deck.

Now, I am not approving of the fight, but these men did fight, and the swearing sailor whipped the one who boxed the little fellow. Then they came back again into the cabin and the swearing man said :

"Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you I will dress him."

"Well, the next night Jamie said to himself, "I don't like to make any disturbance on board ship ; I will say my prayers in my berth ; I won't kneel down before the sailors, I will get into my hammock and say my prayers to myself."

Now was that wise ? was that fearless ? But mark the effect it had on the swearing sailor. The moment he saw little Jamie get into his hammock without saying his prayers, he went and took him by the neck, dragged him out of his hammock, and said :

"Kneel down at once, sir ! Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal ?"

During the whole voyage back to London, little Jamie had, in that reckless, thoughtless sailor, a man who looked after him like a father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. The little fellow began to grow industrious and to read. He said to himself : "Here is a swearing sailor who has re-proved me because I did not kneel down boldly before the men." Well, he began to learn all about ropes and ships, and about taking latitude and longitude.

Now let me tell you a little of his history. Some years ago, the largest steamship ever seen was built. You remember it : the "Great Eastern." You know that she went across the Atlantic with the wonderful cable. Now who do you think was the captain of that great ship ? They wanted the cleverest captain they

could find in England, and they selected little Jamie. When the great ship came back, after fulfilling her mission, the captain knelt before Queen Victoria, who said, "Rise, Sir James Anderson," and Sir James Anderson was none other than the little boy I have told you of. *Home Visitor.*

—o—

#### TABLE RULES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

These lines were written by the Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, D. D., of this city, "for the amusement of his own little ones," and first appeared in *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet*, twenty years ago. And they are just as good to-day. Mind them, little ones !

In silence I must take my seat  
And give God thanks before I eat ;  
Must for my food in patience wait  
Till I am asked to hand my plate ;  
I must not scold, nor whine nor pout,  
Nor move my chair nor plate about ;  
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring  
I must not play, nor must I sing ;  
I must not speak a useless word,  
For children must be seen—not heard ;  
I must not talk about my food,  
Nor fret if I don't think it good ;  
I must not say the "bread is old,"  
"The tea is hot," "The coffee cold ;"  
I must not cry for this or that,  
Nor murmur if my meat is fat.  
My mouth with food I must not crowd,  
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud.  
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,  
And when I ask, say, "If you please."  
The table cloth I must not spoil,  
Nor with my food my fingers soil.  
Must keep my seat when I have done,  
Nor round the table sport or run ;  
When told to rise, then I must put  
My chair away with noiseless foot,  
And lift my heart to God above  
In praise for all His wondrous love.

—Christian at Work.

—o—

#### BOYS WANTED.

Men are wanted. So they are. But boys are wanted—honest, noble, manly boys. Such boys will make the desired men. Some one has declared, and truly, that these boys should possess ten points, which are thus given : 1. Honest. 2. Intelligent. 3. Active. 4. Industrious. 5. Obedient. 6. Steady. 7. Obliging. 8. Polite. 9. Neat. 10. Truthful. One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are filled by boys

who lack some most important acquirement, but they will soon be vacant. Some situations will soon be vacant because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would never dare show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts, the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as brightly as a star at night.

—o—

### GRAN'MA AL'AS DOES."

A. H. POE.

I want to mend my wagon,  
And has to have some nails;  
Just two, free will be plenty,  
We're going to haul our rails.  
The splendidest cob fences,  
We're making ever was!  
I wis' you'd help us find 'em—  
Gran'ma al'as does.

My horse's name is Betsey;  
She jumped and broked her head,  
I put her in the stable,  
And fed her milk and bread;  
The stable's in the parlor;  
We didn't make no muss,  
I wis' you'd let it stay there,  
Gran'ma al'as does.

I's going to the corn-field,  
To ride on Charlie's plow;  
I 'spect he'd like to have me;  
I wants to go right now.  
Oh, won't I gee up awful,  
And whoa like Charlie whoas?  
I wis' you wouldn't bozzer;  
Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter;  
I's hungry worstest kind;  
But Taddie mustn't have none,  
Cause she would n't mind.  
Put plenty sugar on it;  
I tell you what, I knows  
It's *right* to put on sugar;  
Gran'ma al'as does.

—o—

### EVENING WORDS.

Come stand by my knee, little children,  
Too weary for laughter or song,  
The sports o, the day are all over,  
And evening is creeping along.  
The snowfields are white in the moonlight,  
The winds of the Winter are chill,  
But under the sheltering roof-tree  
The fire shineth ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,  
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm;  
But out in the cold of the Winter  
Is many a shivering form.  
There are mothers that wander for shelter,  
And babes that are pining for bread;  
Oh, thank the dear Lord, little children,  
From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,  
And tell me through all the long day  
Have you thought of the Father above us,  
Who guarded from evil your way?  
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,  
And careth for great and for small;  
In life and in death, little children,  
His love is the truest of all.

Now go to your rest, little children,  
And over your innocent sleep,  
Unseen by your vision, the angels  
Their watch through the darkness shall keep  
Then pray that the Shepherd, who guideth  
The Lambs that He loveth so well,  
May lead you in life's rosy morning,  
Beside the still waters to dwell.

—Emily Huntington Miller.

—o—

### THE "SILVER RULE"—PASTE IT UP.

You all know the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you." Here is a rule which is almost a part of the golden rule, but which we will put by itself, and, because of its value, call it the "Silver Rule": "*Think and say all you can of the good qualities of others; forget and keep silent concerning their bad qualities.*" You can conceive how much such a course will lighten your own happiness, and raise you in the esteem of your mates. Did you ever think any more of a boy or girl because he or she found fault with others? Never call your schoolmates or playmates ugly or cross to their faces, nor behind their backs. If they are ugly, or stingy, or cross, it does not make *them* better to talk or think about it, while it makes *you* love to dwell upon the faults of others, and causes your own soul to grow smaller, and you become like the foul bird that prefers carrion for food. Rather tell all the good you can, and try to think of some good quality.

REMEMBER thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

## SUPPOSES.

Suppose, my little lady,  
Your doll should break her head,  
Could you make it whole by crying  
Till your eyes and nose are red?  
And would n't it be pleasanter  
To treat it as a joke;  
And say you're "glad 'twas Dolly's,  
And not your head that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,  
And the rain comes pouring down,  
Will it clear off any sooner  
Because you scold and frown?  
And would n't it be nicer  
For you to smile than pout,  
And so make sunshine in the house  
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,  
Is very hard to get,  
Will it make it any easier  
For you to sit and fret?  
And would n't it be wiser  
Than waiting like a dunce,  
To go to work in earnest  
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,  
And some a coach and pair,  
Will it tire you less while walking  
To say "It is n't fair?"  
And would n't it be nobler  
To keep your temper sweet,  
And in your heart be thankful  
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,  
Nor the way some people do,  
Do you think the whole creation  
Will be altered just for you?  
And is n't it, my boy or girl,  
The wisest, bravest plan,  
Whatever comes, or does n't come,  
To do the best you can?

—Phæbe Cary.

## THE CHILD'S POCKET ETIQUETTE.

I. Always say, Yes, sir; No, sir; Yes, papa;  
No, thank you; Good night; Good morning.  
Never say how or which for what. Use no slang  
terms. Remember that good spelling, writing  
and grammar are the base of all true education.

II. Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes and  
clean finger nails indicate good breeding. Never  
leave your clothes about the room. Have a  
place for everything, and everything in its place.

III. Rap before entering a room, leave it with  
your face to the company. Never enter a pri-  
vate room or public place with your hat on.

IV. Always offer your seat to a lady or old  
gentleman. Let your companions enter the car-  
riage or room first.

V. At table eat with your fork; sit up straight;  
never use your toothpick, although Europeans  
do, and when leaving ask to be excused.

VI. Never put your feet on cushions, chairs  
or tables.

VII. Never overlook any one when reading  
or writing, or talk or read aloud when others are  
reading. When conversing listen attentively  
and do not interrupt or reply till the other has  
finished.

VIII. Never whisper or talk aloud at the  
churches, or other public places, and especially  
in private where any one is singing or playing  
the piano.

IX. Loud coughing, hawking, yawning, sneez-  
ing or blowing is ill-mannered. In every case  
cover your mouth with your handkerchief,  
(which never examine—nothing is more vulgar,  
except spitting on the floor).

X. Treat all with respect, especially the poor.  
Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind  
remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call  
names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate,  
or be cruel to insects, birds or animals.

—o—

## WASH-DAY.

We's hang'n out our wash'n',  
Don't you see our teenty lines?  
The shoestrings one is Birdie's,  
The other one is mine.  
We allers wash on Monday,  
'Cause gran'ma allers does;  
And the goodest way to housekeep  
I guess our gra'ma knows.

We've got a teenty washboard,  
And a cunnin' little tub;  
I does 'most all the rins'n,  
'Cause Birdie loves to rub.  
I tell you she piles soap on  
'Most more than Bridget does  
To do a dreat, big wash'n';  
But Bridget never knows.

She'd scold us worse than fifty  
If she could find it out;  
But we's gen'ly pretty quiet,  
And she don't know what we're 'bout.  
If mamma'd come and see us,  
I 'spect she'd scold some more,  
'Cause we've wetted up our sashes  
And slopped the pantry floor.

We've crinkled up our fingers  
Till they look as gram'ma's do;  
And Birdie slopped some soapsuds  
Right on my new blue shoe.  
We set it in the oven—  
I guess it'll dry right soon.  
There, we've done this dreat, big wash'n',  
And hung it out 'fore noon.

—Youth's Companion.

## A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET.

Do you know what's in my pottet ?

Such a lot of treasures in it !

Listen now while I bedin it !

Such a lot of sins it holds,

And all there is, you sall be told ;

Everysin dat's in my pottet,

And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet

A beauty shell—I picked it up ;

And here's the handle of a tup

That somebody has broke at tea ;

The shell 's a hole in it, you see :

Nobody knows that I have dot it,

I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,

And here's my pennies, one, two, fre,

That Aunt Mary gave to me ;

To-morrow day I'll buy a spade,

When I'm out walking with the maid ;

I can't put *dat* here in my pottet,

But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here's some more sins in my pottet !

Here's my lead, and here's my string,

And once I had an iron ring,

But through a hole it lost one day ;

And this is what I always say—

A hole's the worst sin in a pottet,

Have it mended when you've dot it.

—o—

KISS ME, MAMMA. — “ Kiss me, mamma, before I go to sleep.”

How simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little one is that soft, gentle kiss. The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close, and the rosy lip is revelling in the bright, sunny dreams of innocence. Yes, kiss it, mamma, for the good-night kiss will linger in memory when the giver lies mouldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle, loving mother's kiss has cheered many a loving wanderer's pilgrimage, and has been the beacon-light to illuminate his desolate heart ; for, remember, life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, with thorns to pierce—and we know not what is in store for the little one so prettily slumbering with no marring care to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lips will become dewy again as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's love—a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones, kind mother, ere they sleep. There is a magic power in that kiss which will endure to the end of life.

## YOUNG WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

## WHAT MAKES A WOMAN ?

Not costly dress, nor queenly air ;  
Not jeweled hand, complexion fair ;  
Not graceful form nor lofty tread ;  
Not paint, nor curls, nor splendid head ;  
Not pearly teeth, nor sparkling eyes ;  
Not voice that nightingale outvies ;  
Not breath as sweet as eglantine ;  
Not gaudy gems, nor fabrics fine ;  
Not all the stores of fashion's mart,  
Nor yet blandishments of art ;  
Not one, nor all of these combined,  
Can make one woman true, refined.  
'Tis not the casket that we prize,  
But that which in the casket lies !  
These outward charms that please the sight  
Are naught unless the heart be right.  
She, to fulfill her destined end,  
Must with her beauty goodness blend ;  
Must make it her incessant care  
To deck herself with jewels rare ;  
Of priceless gems must be possessed,  
In robes of richest beauty dressed ;

Yet these must clothe the inward mind  
In purity the most refined.

She who doth all these goods combine  
Can man's rough nature well refine ;  
Hath all she needs in this frail life,  
To fit for mother, sister, wife ;  
He who possesses such a friend  
Should cherish well till death doth end.  
Woman, in fine, the mate should be,  
To sail with man o'er life's rough sea ;  
And, when the stormy cruise is o'er,  
Attend him to fair Canaan's shore.

—o—

THE following sentiment is attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte : “ A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel—the other a treasure.”

—o—

PLEASURE is to women what the sun is to the flower ; if moderately enjoyed it beautifies, refreshes, and improves ; if immoderately, it withers, desolates, and destroys.

## DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT.

Daughter, don't let mother do it !

Do not let her slave and toil,  
While you sit, a useless idler,  
Fearing your soft hands to soil.  
Don't you see the heavy burdens  
Daily she is wont to bear  
Bring the lines upon her forehead—  
Sprinkle silver in her hair ?

Daughter, don't let mother do it !

Do not let her bake and broil ;  
Through the long bright Summer hours  
Share with her the heavy toil.  
See, her eye has lost its brightness,  
Faded from her cheek the glow,  
And the step that once was buoyant,  
Now is feeble, weak and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it !

She has cared for you so long.  
Is it right the weak and feeble  
Should be toiling for the strong ?  
Waken from your listless languor,  
Seek her side to cheer and bless ;  
And your grief will be less bitter  
When the sods above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it !

You will never, never know  
What were home without a mother  
Till that mother lieth low—  
Low beneath the budding daisies,  
Free from earthly care or pain—  
To the home so sad without her  
Never to return again.

—Carrie Alton.

—o—  
ADVICE TO GIRLS.

Somebody gives the following advice to girls. It is worth volumes of fiction and sentimentalism :

Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer—this is not help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on veritable bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are good in their places, and so are ribbons, and frills, and tinsels ; but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter — and awful as such an idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities, as well as fancies ; but you make it all decorations, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen ? You may cap him, or you may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourself worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or brother to help you find a market.

## THE SECRET OF MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

Dr. Alexander, in one of his letters, gives the following advice to a bride : “ In thy first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a vow in return. Promise one another sacredly, never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other ; never to bandy words, or indulge in the least ill humor, never, I say, never ! Wrangling in jest, and putting on an air of ill humor, merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that ! Next promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, never to have a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it might be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosoms. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it. And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world ; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at the least temptation. You will find your comfort and your happiness in it. Your souls will grow as it were together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had, on their wedding day, known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas ! they are.”

—o—  
KINDNESS.

As the quiet streamlet that runs along the valley nourishes a luxuriant vegetation, causing flowers to bloom and birds to sing along its banks, so do a kind look and happy countenance spread peace and joy around.

Kindness is an ennobling sentiment. It sits upon the heart like dew upon the flower. It is as a morning prayer—an evening hymn—a dream of heaven. We look on this sentiment in a child as we look upon an orchard resplendent with blossoms ; nor do the happy songs and rich odors of the one steal more gratefully over the senses than do the hopes and promises of the other. In the day-dawn of life, joy sparkles in the young soul like dew-drops of the morning. The earth is then belted with the rainbow of promise, and all things are clothed in the bright and illusive colors of a young and luxuriant imagination. It is refreshing, at such a time, to watch the buddings of a generous spirit, and we long to behold the maturity of such a flower,

“ Fresh roses drip with sweetness there,  
And May-day smiles around.”

Kindness is the ornament of man, as it is the

chief glory of woman. It is, indeed, woman's true prerogative—her sceptre and her crown. It is the sword with which she conquers, and the charm with which she captivates. What a bright halo of honor does history throw around woman in her recorded deeds of kindness! In the early history of Virginia, how like a fountain in the wilderness is the story of Pocahontas saving the life of Captain Smith! In reading the travels of Park and Ledyard, how grateful to listen to the high tribute they pay to the gentle goodness and tender sympathy of woman, whether in savage or civilized life! If history tells of her having been in the rude camp, or on the bloody battlefield, her mission there has chiefly been to bind up the gashed bosom or staunch the bleeding wound, to alleviate the sufferings or quench the thirst of the dying soldier.

But it was left to the Christian religion to give the beatitude to woman's character. The highest tribute to her sympathy and love, as well as the brightest examples of her overflowing goodness of heart, are found on the sacred pages. She washed the feet of the Redeemer with her tears, and wiped them with her hair; she was the last to linger around His cross when He was crucified, and the first at His tomb after He arose from the dead; she was the deepest mourner at His death, and the most assiduous watcher by His grave.

Young lady, would you be admired and beloved? Would you be an ornament to your sex and a blessing to your race? Cultivate this heavenly virtue. Wealth may surround you with its blandishments, and beauty, learning or talents may give you admirers, but love and kindness alone can captivate the heart. whether you live in a cottage or a palace, these graces can surround you with perpetual sunshine, making you and all around you happy.—*S. W. Irving.*

—o—  
**THE ONE SAFE FRIEND.**—There is one safe friend for every maiden. It is her mother. Whom should you trust in, in whom repose confidence, if not in her? No one else loves you so unselfishly, and no one else has loved you so long. It is a pity when girls are not confidential with their mothers. There are times when every young woman needs an older woman to guide and help her, and her mother is at these times her natural counselor and guardian. If she has no mother, let her pour her troubles and unfold her perplexities to some motherly woman, aunt, sister, friend, in whom she can believe. Many a heartache would be soothed, many a vexation rolled away, and many a mortification saved, if girls would remember that they have not the wisdom of Solomon, nor the dignity of Deborah, as yet, on their unwrinkled brows. Situations which baffle them would be plain to more experienced eyes, and they would be guided over hard places.—*M. E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.*

## A FEW MAXIMS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Never make your appearance in the morning without having first brushed and arranged your hair, and dressed yourself neatly and completely.

Keep your clothing in perfect order. Never let pins do the duty as buttons, or strings take the place of proper bands.

Examine every garment when it comes from the wash, and, if necessary, mend it, with neatness and precision. Do not sew up the holes in your stockings, as we have seen some careless, untidy girls do, but take in a broad margin around the hole, be it small or large, with a fine darning needle and darning cotton, and cover the fracture with an interlaced stitch, so close as to be strong as the body of the stocking, and fine enough to be ornamental.

Train yourself to useful occupation. Remember it is wicked to waste time, and nothing gives such an impression of vanity and absolute silliness as a habit of idling and never having anything to do.

If you are in your father's house, take some department of household labor upon yourself, and a part of the sewing, and make it your business to attend to it. Do not let a call from this idle girl, or a visit from that, or an invitation from the other interfere with the performance of your duty.

If you can cultivate to perfection some art by which you can gain an independent livelihood, do it whether there is a necessity for it or not. Do it quietly, if you will but do it. There is no telling when or under what circumstance you may need it.

—o—  
**WOMANLY MODESTY.**—Man loves the mysteries. A cloudless sky, the full-blown rose, leave him unmoved; but the violet, which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon, when she emerges from beneath a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figures in painting—it gives it boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given to the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virgins should use; it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, which diffuses an unwholesome odor, and which the gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flower of the alba, which blooms and dies in a few hours; but modesty gives the female character charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

—o—  
 THE beauty of the mind is more lovely than that of the body.—*Socrates.*

## ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"There comes a time when the maiden departs from her father's house. She is called, she answers, she departs. Ah! how many visions of angels have there been; but they were not God's angels. How many have gone out walking on flowers a little way, to find that the flowers changed to thorns. How many have gone out from their father's house, borne on the seraphic experience of love, scarcely touching the ground for joyfulness, to find, little by little, that love flowed away like a Summer's brook, and left in its place but the bare channel and the gravel. How many have gone out to build a fiction which perished faster than the image fashioned in snow, which melts in the handling. How many have had their plans perish as they handled them. And yet, every maiden must go forth in her appointed time. Blessed are they who know how, when they go forth, in the first day, as it were, to behold, as Jacob did in his vision, God's ladder between earth and heaven, and God's angels ascending and descending, and, behind and above all, God Himself. See to it, you that are going, and you that are gone, that you do not forget to have your earliest plans in married life, your first hopes, include a true love to God, and a true purpose of serving Him. It is not enough that you love your husband. He is your head in the Lord; he stands for the hour, as it were, interpreting to you God's love; but he is not God. Otherwise your ladder will be upon the ground, and too short to reach further than the storm-cloud, and ere long the wind will blow it over. Of all the sad things in this world, I think the saddest is the leaf that tells what love meant to be, and the turning of the leaf to tell what love has been. All blossoms—all ashes; all smiles and gladness—all tears and sadness. Nothing is so beautiful as the temple that love builds; and nothing is so miserable as the service of that temple.

"My young maiden friend, love is not a possession, but a growth. The heart is a lamp, with just oil enough to burn for an hour, and if there be no oil to put in again, its light will go out. God's grace is the oil that fills the lamp of love. And if there be one thing that every woman, above all others, should say to herself, in the ambition of her married life, it is this: 'I cannot be respected and loved as I must needs be to be happy, unless I can bring something more than myself. It must be God in me that shall maintain me in that dignity and fullness of proportion, and nobleness, and impressiveness which shall win and hold love.' And a godless woman entering into the marriage relation goes as a lamb to the slaughter. Wreaths of flowers are about her neck, but the knife is not far off.

"It is sad—the desecration of love. It is the saddest thing on earth. There is nothing that touches, it seems to me, the contemplative heart

more than that. To see what it might be, if these early days are prophets of possibility, and then to picture what it is, is sad indeed. And more than anything else in the world, it fails for want of food. No other food for love is there but goodness. Love cannot any more burn without goodness than the flame without fuel. The sorrows that must go with you in all your life, or break suddenly upon you somewhere, cannot be borne without the help of God's ministering angels. As your household grows around you, and your children begin to feel the tides of life, and you become in turn their guides, as your parents were yours, you will find that no one can bear life well who has not God somewhere, a present help in time of trouble.

"If there be anything that young wedded love should have as its first vision, it is the ladder between the earth and Heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending, and God over all, blessing it. Begin your household life, begin your wedded life, with a firm hold on purity, on Heaven. Then there will be hope for you. Otherwise take the winter fate."—*H. W. Beecher, in Herald of Health.*

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BEHAVIOR IN COMPANY.—Leigh Richmond gave the following excellent advice to his daughters:—"Be cheerful, but not gigglers. Be serious but not dull. Be communicative, but not forward. Be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Remember God's eye is in every company. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; do not go into valuable company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other."

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## A TRUE LADY.

The late Lord Collingwood said to his daughter: "I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child, the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people, on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

## DISTINGUISHED WOMEN OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

### *Ten Years in Washington.*

Mary Abigail Fillmore was the rarest and most exquisite President's daughter that ever shed sunshine in the "White House." Although she died at 22, yet her memory is a benison to all young American women, especially to those surrounded by the influences incident to high station and brilliant social life. Not content with mere accomplishments, she secured a thoroughly practical education. She was a French, German, and Spanish scholar, a skillful musician, and an amateur sculptor. She combined intellectual force, genuine sensibility, and deep tenderness of heart with brilliant wit and sparkling humor. She used her opportunities, as the President's daughter, to minister to others. "Blessing she was, God made her so," and her memory is a benediction to American maidens. Not many years since, had you chanced to see a plainly-dressed girl of 11 Summers, trundling through the streets of Lancaster a wheelbarrow load of wood, careless of her own appearance, but deeply interested in the comfort of a poor colored woman, you would scarcely have chosen her as the girl who was to become the social queen of the White House, or who, by her surpassing brightness, was to make such an impression upon Queen Victoria that she chose to make this youthful American girl one of the leading ladies at the Court of St. James. On the continent and in Paris she was everywhere greeted as "girl queen." And when Harriet Lane was called to preside at the White House, honors of every kind, such as were never before bestowed upon an American girl, were heaped upon her.

### "DOLLY MADISON."

"President Jefferson evinced his personal appreciation as well as his official recognition of Mrs. Madison, both in his letters and in the fact that he called her to preside at his table during the absence of his own family. But it was as the wife of the fourth President of the United States that she inaugurated the golden reign of the President's house. The beneficence and brilliancy of her reign were never approached before her day, and have never been equaled since." We read that she was declared the most popular person in the United States, and wonder what was the secret of her power. Soon the answer is given: "She loved human beings, and delighted in their friendship. She never forgot an old friend, and never neglected the opportunity of making a new one." She filled every hour of prosperity with the rare sunshine of her nature—in the hour of trial was not found wanting, and in the face of danger rose to the dignity of heroism. Her gallant stay in the White House while her husband had gone to hold a council of war; her cool commands rela-

tive to the protection of the picture of Washington, while in sound of the enemy's cannon and messengers begging her to flee, are proud facts in our history. No eminent man retired from service of the State ever had more public recognition and more honor bestowed upon him by the Government than did this ever-beloved woman. Until her death, on New Year's day, after paying their respects to the President, all the high officers of the government always adjourned to the home of Mrs. Madison, to pay their respects to her. Congress conferred upon her the franking privilege, and unanimously voted her a seat in the Senate chamber—two privileges never before conferred upon any other American woman.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.—"That man has grown among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and kindness remark. "And why do you think so?" said I. "Because of the rich development of all the tenderer feelings of the heart, which are apparent in every word." A sister's influence is felt, even in manhood's later years; and the heart of him who has grown cold with its chilling contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakes within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and weep for the gentler influence which moved him in his earlier years.

A MORAL, WELL POINTED.—Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not allow his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine that we would be exposed to danger by it." The father took, in silence, a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." She did so, and behold her delicate white hand was soiled and blacked, and her white dress soiled, too. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals; even if they do not burn, they blacken. So it is with the vicious."

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

[As found in the note-book of an unfortunate woman, after her death.]

Now I lay me down to sleep,

(Dreading the awaking)

I pray the Lord my soul to keep,

(My heart is breaking)

If I should die before I wake,

(Which grant me, heaven)

I pray the Lord my soul to take

(Cleansed and forgiven).

## PRAYER OF THE BETROTHED.

[The following appeared in a St. Louis paper, a long while ago. It was written by a lady of that city, over the signature of "Inez," and is a touching expression of alternate hopes and fears on the eve of her marriage.]

Father, I come before Thy throne  
With low and bended knee,  
To thank Thee, with a grateful tone,  
For all Thy love to me.  
Forgive me if my heart this hour  
I give not all to Thee,  
For deep affection's mighty power  
Divides it now with Thee.

Thou knowest, Father, every thought  
That wakes within my breast,  
And how this heart has vainly sought  
To keep its love suppressed.  
Yet when the idol, worshipped one,  
Sits fondly by my side,  
And breathes the vows I cannot shun,  
To me, his destined bride,

Forgive me, if the loving kiss  
He leaves upon my brow,  
Is thought of in an hour like this,  
And thrills me even now.  
He's chosen me to be his love  
And comforter through life;  
Enable me, oh God, to prove  
A loving, faithful wife.

He knows not, Father, all the deep  
Affections I control—  
The thousand loving thoughts that sweep  
Resistless o'er my soul.

He knows not each deep fount of love  
That gushes warm and free;  
Nor can he ever, ever prove  
My warm idolatry.

Then guard him, Father—round his way  
Thy choicest blessings cast,  
And render each successive day  
Still happier than the last.  
And, Father, grant us so to live  
That when this life is o'er,  
Within the happy home you give  
We meet to part no more.

No woman is free from responsibility toward her own sex. All are to bear one another's burdens, and to share one another's sorrows. This is the true sisterhood of women. However widely apart in station, they react upon each other for good or evil. The prizes of virtue may be given to the humblest as well as the highest. After the late terrible war, the French government decreed three medals to women who had served the most faithfully in the hospitals. The first was given to a poor sewing girl, the second to an actress, the third to a woman of rank and fashion, whose name had been often mixed up with the scandals of the empire. Who could but feel that the spirit of that noble Englishwoman, Florence Nightingale, had been the inspiring example of these women, so widely separated in rank, and yet all united in the work of charity.—*Mrs. Henry Field.*



# YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

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## WHAT MAKES A MAN ?

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life,  
Not pretty children and a wife,  
Not pins and chains and fancy rings,  
Nor any such like trumpery things ;  
Not pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,  
Nor liberty with kings to dine ;  
Nor coat nor boots nor yet a hat,  
A dandy vest, or trim cravat ;  
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store ;  
Nor Mister, Reverend, Sir, nor Squire,  
With titles that the memory tire ;  
Nor ancestry traced back to Will,  
Who went from Normandy to kill ;  
Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore,  
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er,  
Nor Judge's robe, nor Mayor's Mace,  
Nor crowns that deck the royal race ;  
These all united never can  
Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,  
Full of affection for its kind ;  
A helper of the human race,  
A soul of beauty and of grace ;  
A spirit firm, erect and free,  
That never basely bends the knee ;  
That will not bear a feather's weight  
Of slavery's chain, for small or great :  
That firmly speaks of God within,  
And never makes a league with sin ;  
That snaps the fetters despots make,  
And loves the truth for its own sake ;  
That worships God and Him alone ;  
That trembles at no tyrant's nod—  
A soul that fears no one but God,  
And thus can smile at curse and ban ;  
That is the soul that makes the man.

[This is the kind of men worth something in this world. We want a great many more such men than we now have. Will you not strive to be such a man ?]

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AN IMPORTANT AGE. — The line of conduct chosen by a boy during the five years from fifteen to twenty will, in almost every instance, determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or imprudent, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after years, and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope or calculate his chances.

## LESSONS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Few things in the lives of young men are so impressive, or so full of valuable suggestions, as their frequent laments over lost opportunities for mental or moral culture.

In his autobiography, Sir Walter Scott says : " If it should ever fall to the lot of any youth to peruse this piece, let such a youth remember it is with the greatest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities for learning which I neglected in my youth ; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

Edmund Burke grew wise in this respect while it was not too late to retrieve the most of his errors and losses, before his youth was entirely past. He wrote to a friend : " What would I give to have my spirits a little more settled ! I am too giddy ; this is the bane of my life ; it hurries me from my studies to trifles, and I am afraid it will hinder me from knowing anything thoroughly. I have a superficial knowledge of many things, but scarcely the bottom of any."

Washington Irving, when giving counsel to a young friend, exclaimed, in the bitterness of his heart : " How many an hour of hard labor and study have I had to subject myself to, to atone in a slight degree for the hours that I suffered society to cheat me out of."

Even DeQuincy, the last man in the world that we should have suspected of having wasted a moment in his daily life, laments more than once his " neglect of that mental and moral cultivation " which he regards as the " noblest of human pursuits." On one occasion he says : " I resolve, therefore, to be more circumspect, to hoard my moments with a more thrifty spirit—to listen to the suggestions of indolence, and so quicken that spirit of intellectual improvement to which I devote my life."

It will do young men good to ponder well the lesson to be learned from these confessions.

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## A WORD ABOUT MARRIAGE.

A physician writes the following sensible advice : " My profession has thrown me among women of all classes, and my experience teaches

me that God never gave man a greater proof of his love than to place women here with him. My advice is : Go, propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she says yes, tell her how much your income is, from what source derived, and tell her you will divide the last shilling with her, and love her with all your heart in the bargain. And then keep your promise. My word for it, she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret that you did not marry sooner. Gentlemen, don't worry about feminine untruth. Just you be true to her, love her sincerely, and throw it up to her frequently, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet anywhere. You won't deserve her, I know, but she will never see it. Now throw aside pride and selfishness, and see what will come of it."

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WHAT YOUNG MEN SHOULD DO.—I. Every young man should make the most of himself, intellectually, morally and physically.

2. He should depend upon his own efforts to accomplish these results.

3. He should be willing to take advice from those competent to give it, and to follow such advice, unless his own judgment or conviction, properly founded, should otherwise direct.

4. If he is unfortunate enough to have a rich and indulgent father, he must do the best he can under the circumstances, which will be to conduct himself very much as though he had not those obstacles to overcome.

5. He should never be discouraged by small beginnings, but remember that all great results have been wrought out from apparently slight causes.

6. He should never, under any circumstances, be idle. If he cannot find the employment he prefers, let him come as near his desires as possible — he will thus reach the object of his ambition.

7. All young men have "inalienable rights," among which none is greater or more sacred than the privilege to be "somebody." — DUNN.

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TO YOUNG MEN.—Young man, if you wish to become somebody in the world, and hold a respectable position in society, do not stand on the street corners or in front of saloons — do not smoke constantly cheap cigars or chew tobacco. Remember, young ladies don't wish to have their sweet lips pressed by mouths which are saturated and shriveled by tobacco juice, and when they swallow politely the smoke which has passed through your lungs and throat, and out again, impregnated with any bronchial affection you may have. The thought is loathing to a refined lady.

## HAVE A FIXED PURPOSE.

The following admirable advice and caution to young men about to enter on the duties and conflicts of life, and the value of a definite and settled purpose, are from an address by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, lord-rector of Glasgow University, Scotland :

"Having once chosen that calling which is to become your main object in life, cling to it firmly ; bring to bear upon it all your energies—all the information you are elsewhere variously collecting. All men are not born with genius, but every man can acquire purpose, and purpose is the backbone and marrow of genius ; nay, I can scarcely distinguish one from the other. For what is genius? It is not an impassioned predilection for some definite art or study, to which the mind converges all its energies—each thought or image that is suggested by Nature or learning, solitude or converse, being habitually and involuntarily added to those ideas which are ever returning to the same central point — so that the mind is not less busily applying when it seems to be the most released from application. That is genius, and that is purpose: the one makes the great artist or poet, the other the great man of action. And with purpose comes the grand secret of worldly success, which some men call will, but which I would rather call earnestness. If I were asked, from my experience of life, to say what attribute most impressed the minds of others, or most commanded fortune, I should say, "earnestness."

"The earnest man wins way for himself, and earnestness and truth go together. Never affect to be other than you are, either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Men will then believe you when you say, "I do know." Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it" — "I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me ; I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away." Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward or for the sudden spring over a precipice. From these maxims let me deduce another: learn to say "No" with decision ; "Yes" with caution—"No" with decision whenever it resists temptation ; "Yes" with caution whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. I have frequently seen in life a person preferred to a long list of applicants, for some important charge which lifts him at once into station and fortune, merely because he has this reputation, that when he says he knows a thing he knows it, and when he says he will do a thing he will do it. Reflect over these maxims ; you will find it easy enough to practice them."

## OVER AND DONE WITH.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

"And so it is, that dearest friends must always part, my dear Miss Margaret," said Raymond Stevens, with a gentle, almost tender smile, as he looked down at the young girl whose hand rested lightly on his arm, and whose face was averted, not in displeasure, but to hide the threatening tears.

She did not answer. The light, careless tone struck harshly on her sensitive ear, and again, perhaps for the thousandth time since their intimacy of a year, she recognized with a sigh the fact that what was to her a matter of life and death was but the passing pang of an idle moment, so far as he was concerned.

Oh, why was it so? Why had this brilliant, ambitious man, with his stately form, face of classic beauty, voice of perfect melody, and mind, heart, and soul touched with the living fire of genius and power—why had he crossed her path, if only to dazzle and win, and then forsake and leave her forever? Better that she had never gazed with entranced, admiring eyes upon the beauty of that face and form—better that the bewildering blue eyes had never met her own—better that the proud, curved lips—ah, they were pressed upon her hand at that moment before her father's door, in one long, lingering kiss, and then he turned to go.

"Oh, is it farewell! is it farewell forever?" she cried, forgetting all restraint in the agony of her pain, and clinging to his hand as if she could never, never let it go again.

"I fear so—I suppose it must be," he answered with a thrill of pity as he looked down at her pale, wild face. "Let me go, Margaret. It is best for both—we should both get into trouble if I should stay. Good bye, dear—be happy, and forget me!"

He pressed her hand—he murmured something in a hurried, inaudible voice, and bent down as if about to kiss her. Then suddenly recollecting himself he drew back, and hurried down the garden path, leaving her standing there on the porch beneath the moonlight, desolate, heart-broken, and alone.

What else could he do? She was poor, and so was he. Fame and fortune awaited him in the great city, and he went thither to win the one by his talents, and to take possession of the other in the shape of a rich bride, thirteen years his senior. Was he obliged to sacrifice his future because a pair of soft, dark, grey eyes had looked at him admiringly for a year past, and were gazing wistfully through tears after him now?

"It would never do. I should be mad to think of it," said Raymond Stevens, as he lit his cigar and hurried toward the train. "Poor little girl! She will get over it soon and marry some one else. As for me, my future is marked out. I would not alter it if I could! Thank

Heaven that that is all over and done with! I have been dreading this parting for a week or more."

"Over and done with!" Was it really so?

His prophecy came true in one sense of the word, for, within six months after his departure, Margaret became the wife of a city millionaire, and entered a home of luxury and splendor, such as she had never dreamed of in her girlhood. Luxury! splendor! Alas! in those days she had asked but for love; and that denied her, she sold herself to the highest bidder, and flung herself into the vortex of fashionable society with an eagerness and *abandon* which gave, to an observing eye, a hint of the empty chambers in that lonely, aching heart.

What is she now? In the fullest and deepest, and—shall I say?—lowest sense of the word, she is a fashionable woman. Society is her master, Fashion is her god, and Dress her idol. She lives, and breathes, and moves and has her being in nothing better or higher than the *Magazines des Modes*; and the cut of a trimming, the set of a satin fold, seem—if one may judge by her actions—of far greater importance in her eyes than the salvation of her immortal soul!

On this wreck of what was once pure, and good and lovely, Raymond Stevens glances now and then with a saddened, sarcastic eye. "How she has changed and deteriorated" he says to himself, between a smile and a sneer. "The woman is a walking fashion-book, and nothing else!"

Aye; but who *made* her? and who, in the *first* place, was responsible for the flaw within this once priceless and beautiful gem?

"Over and done with!" No; for as a stone cast into a still pond of water sinks at once to the bottom, but leaves circle after circle widening on the surface all the while, so do our actions, even when ended, widen out into circles of influence that sometimes save and sometimes spoil another life than ours. It is difficult to say how soon the waters that we have stirred shall be at peace again, and only God can tell when the act and its consequences shall be really "over and done with," and the influences which we have exercised, almost unconsciously, be forever at an end.—*N. Y. Ledger*.

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## WORDS OF WISDOM.

This is what Peter Cooper said to the graduates and students of the Cooper Union:

While yet a child I learned that "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," and whatever of wealth I have achieved has been due, primarily, to habits of patient industry formed at the outset of my career. I soon learned that "Waste makes want," and I therefore saved what I earned; and by "taking stitches in time," guarded against the loss which unavoidably attends upon neglect and want of foresight. It did not

take long for me to learn that drunkenness was the parent of the larger portion of the poverty, vice and crime which afflict the American people; and hence, until advancing age seemed to demand moderate stimulants, I carefully avoided alcoholic liquids as the greatest curse of the young, and the most deadly foe to domestic happiness and the public welfare.

Next, I observed that most of the shipwrecks of life were due to debts hastily contracted, and out of proportion to the means of the debtor; and hence I always avoided debt, and endeavored to keep some ready money on hand to avail of a favorable opportunity for its profitable use. With economy and industry it is easy to do this in this favored land; and in my case the result has been that amid all the financial revulsions through which I have passed, no obligation of mine has ever been a day in arrear. Debt is a slavery which every young man ought to avoid, or, if assumed, ought not to endure for one day beyond the shortest time necessary to set him free. Shunning intemperance and debt, it was easy to be honest, and to acquire such knowledge as the opportunities of this city afforded in the days of my youth. Love and duty I have ever found to be the password of all that is true, and when they are separated the fire dies out, and life loses all its charms, never to be compensated by the false jewels which are often worn in the public gaze. These are, indeed, simple truths, which I have endeavored to set forth in words equally simple, because I feel sure, from a very long experience, that they do good to every young man and young woman who will firmly resolve to make them the rule of life; and because I began life without means, and know the truth of what I affirm.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.—  
 "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labor is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station in life. There is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his ennui. The only difference between them is that a poor man la-

bors to get a dinner for his appetite—the rich man to get an appetite for his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than the field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plow. There is, indeed, this difference, that change of circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the former sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies, and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge are all for his own use. Labor, my dear boy, therefore, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light and ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our Spring, our Summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the Winter of old age unrespected and desolate."

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#### FEMALE SOCIETY.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, a tavern, or a pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely upon it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a jockey; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a pure epicure is hardly tired of water-sauces, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking with a well-regulated kindly woman about her girl Fanny, or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminent-ly selfish men in the world.—*Thackeray.*

# TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

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## THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT DRINK.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

[Vice-President Henry Wilson, when a mere lad; promised his mother that he would never drink wine or any other kind of intoxicating drinks.]

Kneeling at his fond mother's knee,  
He pledged his honor to be free  
From vicious habits that enslave  
Alike the timid and the brave.

Through all the changes of his youth  
He leaned upon the staff of truth;  
It was his weapon of defense  
With which he drove temptation hence.

When older grown and in his prime,  
He scorned the custom of his time  
And yielded not at fashion's shrine,  
But kept his pledge to drink no wine.

When honor crowned his honest brow,  
And on his head had fallen snow  
That never melts, he turned away  
From paths that always lead astray.

And, unashamed of abstinence,  
He voiced his thought in eloquence,  
And stood up bravely for the right,  
And came off victor in the fight.

No poison in his pulsing veins,  
His limbs unfettered with the chains  
Of drinking habits that enslave;  
He was a freeman, just and brave.

He starred his life with noble deeds  
That blossom now, like hidden seeds,  
And fill the air with odors sweet  
As air where buds of roses meet.

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We are of opinion that the use of alcoholic liquor as beverage is productive of a large amount of physical disease, and that it entails diseased appetites upon offspring.—[Declaration signed by two hundred leading physicians of New York and Brooklyn.]

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NOR the effeminate, nor liars with mankind,  
nor thieves, nor covetous, NOR DRUNKARDS, nor  
railers, nor extortioners shall possess the king-  
dom of God.—*St. Paul.*

## ONE GLASS OF WINE.

The Duke of Orleans, the oldest son of King Louis Philippe, was the inheritor of whatever rights the royal family could transmit. He was a noble young man, physically and intellectually noble. One morning he invited a few companions with him as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank too much wine. He did not become intoxicated; he was not in any respect a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he drank a glass too much. He lost the balance of his body and his mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered the carriage. But for that extra glass he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage. But for that extra glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless, bleeding, he was taken into a beer-shop and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.

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## MODERATE DRINKING.

Rev. William Goodell thus declares in reference to the various shades of drinking: "Which is most destructive of health and life, drunkenness or moderate drinking? But what are the facts? A man may get as drunk as some do once a month, vomit out the poison, sleep off the effects and be sober all the rest of the month, drinking nothing till the fit comes on again. Such a man may do more business, do it better, preserve better health and live longer than the 'moderate' drinker, who never gets drunk, never vomits out the poison—keeps it within him, adding a little to it daily till it undermines his constitution, so that he readily falls a prey to all manner of diseases, without vitality enough to recover from them. He dies a 'moderate' drinker, never suspected of intemperance, much less ranked among the drunkards, yet losing his life in consequence of his 'moderate' drinking. Scientific and experienced physicians entertain these views, and are of opinion that more than half of those who die in consequence of drinking alcoholic liquors die before they become confirmed and downright drunkards."

## GOUGH'S APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

The celebrated apostrophe to water, given in one of Gough's temperance lectures, is a gem. Pouring a glass of water, and advancing toward his audience, and lifting it above his head, he said :

"Look at that, ye thirsty sons of earth ! Behold it ! See its purity ! How it glitters as if a mass of liquid gems ! It is a beverage that was brewed by the hand of the Almighty Himself ! Not in simmering still, or smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, does our Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water, but in the green glade, and grassy dell, where the deer wanders and the child loves to play ; there God brews it ; and down in the deepest valley, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing, and high upon the tall mountain-tops, where the storm-clouds brood and the thunders crash, and away far out on the wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roll the chorus, sweeping the march of God, there he brews it—that beverage of health-giving water—and everywhere it is a thing of beauty ; glimmering in the Summer rain, shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned into living jewels ; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon ; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glaciers, dancing in the hail-showers ; folding its soft curtain softly about the windy world and weaving the many-colored iris—that is, erpha's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of the earth, whose woof is the sun-beam of heaven ; all checkered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of reflection, still always it is beautiful, that blessed life-water. No poison bubbles on the brink ; its foam brings no sadness or murder ; no blood stains its limpid glass ; broken-hearted wives and starving orphans shed no tears in its depths ; no drunk and shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair. Beautiful, pure, blessed, and glorious, give me forever the pure, sparkling cold water."

—o—

"I do in my conscience believe that intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found grave in that deluge which swept over the highest hilltops, engulfing a world, of which but eight were saved."—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

—o—

"EVERYTHING has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's fiery red nose?" asked one of his pupils. "It's a lighthouse," answered the professor, "to warn us of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite, on which we might otherwise be wrecked."

## LICENSED TO DO WHAT ?

Licensed—to make the strong man weak,  
Licensed—to lay the wise man low,  
Licensed—a wife's fond heart to break,  
And make her children's tears to flow.

Licensed—to do thy neighbor harm,  
Licensed to kindle hate and strife,  
Licensed—to nerve the robber's arm,  
Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed—thy neighbor's purse to drain,  
And on his soul a shadow cast ;  
Licensed—to heat his feverish brain,  
Till madness crown thy work at last.

Licensed—like a spider for a fly,  
To spread thy nets for man, thy prey ;  
To mock his struggles, suck him dry,  
Then cast the worthless hulk away.

Licensed—where peace and quiet dwell,  
To bring disease, and want, and woe ;  
Licensed—to make this world a hell,  
And fit man for a hell below.

—John Pierpont.

—o—

## THE SIN OF THE DRUNKARD.

The literal truth of the awful announcement that God will visit the "iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation" is startling beyond the help of fancy when human lives illustrate it.

The sins of the drunkard seem, indeed, to be visited upon his children with startling directness. An eminent French surgeon took the trouble lately to inquire into the history and ancestry of a youth who had been admitted into an asylum under peculiarly sad circumstances, and this was the result :

First generation—Depravity and drink ; grandfather killed in a drunken brawl.

Second generation—Hereditary drunkenness, maniacal attacks, ending in general paralysis in grandfather.

Third generation—Sobriety, but hypochondriacal tendencies, delusion and homicidal tendencies in the father.

Fourth generation—Defective intelligence. First attack of mania at sixteen, thence transition to complete idiocy. His two sisters became imbecile, but his mother's child by an other man was sound.

—o—

THE BAR-ROOM AS A BANK.—You deposit your money—and lose it. Your time—and lose it. Your character—and lose it. Your health—and lose it. Your strength—and lose it. Your manly independence—and lose it. Your self-control—and lose it. Your home comfort—and lose it. Your wife's happiness—and lose it. Your children's happiness—and lose it. Your own soul—and lose it. Keep away from that bank.

## WHO IS SHE?

BY MARIAN DOUGLASS.

There is a little maiden—  
 Who is she? Do you know?  
 Who always has a welcome,  
 Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,  
 Her voice is like a bird's;  
 The sweetest of all music  
 Is in her lightsome words.

The loveliest of blossoms  
 Spring where her light foot treads,  
 And most delicious odors  
 She all around her sheds—

The breath of purple clover  
 Upon the breezy hills;  
 The smell of garden roses  
 And yellow daffodils.

Each spot she makes the brighter,  
 As if she were the sun,  
 And she is sought and cherished  
 And loved by every one:

By old folks and by children,  
 By lofty and by low.  
 Who is this little maiden?  
 Does any body know?

You surely must have met her!  
 You certainly can guess.  
 What! must I introduce her?  
 Her name is Cheerfulness.

—o—

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF A DRUNKARD.—I die a wretched sinner, and leave to the world a worthless reputation, a wicked example, and a memory that is only fit to perish. I leave to my parents sorrow and bitterness of soul all the days of their lives. I leave to my brothers and sisters shame and grief, and the reproach of their acquaintances. I leave my wife widowed and heart-broken, and a life of lonely struggling with want and suffering. I leave my children a tainted name and a ruined position, a pitiful ignorance, and the mortifying recollection of a father who, by his life, disgraced humanity, and at his premature death joined the great company of those who are never to enter the kingdom of God.

—o—

RUM AND DEATH.—For every liquor dealer in this country on an average there is a death from rum; 61,265 dealers, 61,265 victims every year down to drunkards' graves. So that the man that has been in the business ten years may be supposed to be guilty of ten murders.

## WHAT A FALL.

A minister of the gospel told me, in 1847, one of the most thrilling incidents I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home, for the first time in his life, intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the door-step, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home." He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me (I could give you his name if necessary): "I spent that night in that house. I went out and bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it; I walked up and down the hall. There was his child dead; there was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep. A man but thirty-five years of age asleep with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him round, and a wife upon the very brink of the grave! "Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He told me I must remain till he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face, and exclaimed: 'What is the matter? where am I? where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Where is my boy?' he inquired. 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way. I will see my boy!' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bedside, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a shriek, 'Ah! my child!' That minister said further to me: "One year after that he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the gospel who told me that fact is, to-day, a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston! Now tell me what drink will do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and god-like in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneaking or hellish. We are united, brethren, are we not, to fight it till the day of our death?—*John B. Gough.*

—o—

## REFUSING TO DRINK WITH WASHINGTON.

Toward the close of the Revolutionary war, says Dr. Cox, an officer dined with Washington. Just before the dinner was concluded General Washington stood up and called him by name, and requested him to drink a glass of wine with him.

"Will you have the goodness to excuse me, General?" replied the officer. "I have made it a rule never to take wine."

All eyes were instantly turned upon the young officer, and a murmur of surprise and indignation ran around the table. That a person should be so unsocial and so mean as never to drink wine was really too bad; but that he

should abstain from it on an occasion like that, and even when offered to him by Washington himself, was perfectly intolerable!

Washington at once saw the feelings of his guests, and promptly addressed them:

"Gentlemen," said he, "our friend is right. I do not wish any of my guests to partake of any thing against their inclination, and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established principle in their social intercourse with me. *I honor my friend for his frankness, for his consistency in thus adhering to an established rule which can never do him harm, and for the adoption of which, I have no doubt, he has good and sufficient reason.*"

—o—

### THE RUMSELLER'S PROPOSAL TO THE DEVIL.

DAMN SIR:—I have opened apartments, fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of rum, brandy, gin, wine, beer, and all their compounds. Our objects, though different, can be best attained by united action. I, therefore, propose a copartnership. All I want of men is their money. All else shall be yours.

Bring me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers and beggars.

Bring the child, and I will dash to earth the dearest hopes of the father and mother.

Bring me the father and the mother, and I will plant discord between them, and make them a curse and a reproach to their children.

Bring me the young man, and I will ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth.

Bring me the mechanic or the laborer, and his own money, the hard-earned fruits of his toil, shall be made to bring poverty, vice and ignorance to his once happy home.

Bring me the warm-hearted sailor, and I will send him on a lee shore and make shipwreck of all fond hopes forever.

Bring me the professed follower of Christ, and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of his heart. I will corrupt the ministers of religion, and defile the purity of the church.

Bring me the patronage of the city and of the courts of justice; let the magistrates of the State and the Union become my patrons; let the law-makers themselves meet at my table and participate in violations of law; and the name of law shall become a hissing and a by-word in the streets.

Bring me, above all, the moral, respectable man. If possible, bring the moderate temperance man; though he may not drink, yet his presence will countenance the pretenses under which our business must be masked. Bring him to our stores, oyster-saloons, eating-houses and hotels, and the more timid of our victims will then enter without alarm.

### THERE'S ANOTHER SOUL GONE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

"GEORGE D. PRENTICE died at Louisville, on the 22d day of March, 1870, from the effect of strong drink."—*N. W. Advance.*

There's another grand soul  
Cut down by the scythe that King Alcohol swings;  
And the fiend of the bowl  
A song of rejoicing and merriment sings.

Such a masterful mind!  
To be drowned and dethroned by the demon  
Drink's hand.  
No wonder, O wind!  
That your song is a wail as you speed o'er the land.

A king of the earth!  
But his masterful intellect crowned him, not man.  
Do you know his mind's worth?  
Then behold it, and show me his peer if you can.

Poet, satirist, wit—  
Three gems from the crown that his intellect made.  
God formed him to sit  
On the high mountain-tops, where but few feet have strayed.

Was there no hand to save?  
Was there no one to lift up this beautiful soul  
From the gloom of the grave,  
And defeat the dark fiend of the maddening bowl?

O women! O men!  
Can we sit idly down and let this work go on?  
Up, soldiers, again?  
Hear you not the war-cry? "There's another soul gone!"

—National Temperance Advocate.

—o—

### TEMPERANCE IN THE BIBLE.

1. Who was the first drunkard? Gen. ix. 20, 21.
2. Who took the first temperance pledge? Judges xiii. 13, 14.
3. Did anybody mentioned in the Bible ever take the pledge of his own accord? Dan. i. 8.
4. Was he any healthier or wiser in consequence? Dan. i. 15-17.
5. Ought kings to drink wine? Prov. xxxi. 4.
6. Ought ministers to drink wine? Lev. viii. 9.
7. Ought we to make companions of drunkards? 1 Cor. v. 11.
8. Can any drunkard enter the kingdom of heaven? 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10.
9. Does God pronounce any woe upon drunkards? Isa. v. 11-22.
10. Why has he pronounced this woe? Isa. xxviii. 7, 8.

11. Are drunkards likely to get rich? Prov. xxi. 17.

12. What are the consequences of drinking? Prov. xxiii. 29, 30.

13. How may we avoid the consequences? Prov. xxiii. 31.

14. What will be the result if we disregard this advice? Prov. xxiii. 32.

15. Is it wise to tamper with strong drink? Prov. xx. 1.

16. Where was the first temperance society? Jer. xxxv. 6-8.

17. What blessing did God pronounce upon the first temperance society? Jer. xxxv. 18, 19.

18. Is intemperance a vice? Gal. v. 21.

19. When is temperance a virtue? Gal. v. 22.

20. Is there anything in the Bible that covers all intemperate habits? Rom. xiv. 21.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

—o—

### AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

One afternoon in the month of June, a lady in deep mourning, followed by a little child, entered one of the fashionable saloons in the city of N——. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and, prompted by curiosity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar, and addressing the proprietor, she said:

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am not able to work."

He glanced at her, and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was much surprised to see a woman in such a place begging; but, without asking any questions, gave her some change, and, turning to those present, he said:

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you help her a little?"

They cheerfully acceded to the request, and soon a purse of two dollars was made up and put in her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It is n't a proper place for a lady, and why are you driven to such a step?"

"Sir," said the lady, "I know it isn't a proper place for a lady to be in, and you ask me why I am driven to such a step? I will tell you in one short word," pointing to a bottle labeled "whisky"—"that is what brought me here—whisky. I was once happy and surrounded by all the luxuries wealth could procure, with a fond, indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist the temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home was forever desolate, and the wealth that some called mine, lost—lost never to return, and all by the accursed wine cup. You see before you only the wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child," and weeping

bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon, she continued:

"Sir, the reason why I occasionally enter a place like this is to implore those who deal in the deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty, and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your heart, for I know you possess a kind one, to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons. Do you know the money you take across the bar is the same thing as the bread out of the mouths of the famished wives and children of your customers? That it strips the clothing from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of this life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime, and desolation into their once happy homes? Oh! sir, I implore, beseech, and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow-men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to yourself, but your fellow-creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the unhappiness and the suffering it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered in a voice husky with emotion, "but I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the little girl, who, meantime, had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present, taking hold of her mother's hand, "These gentlemen want me to sing 'Little Bessie' for them. Shall I do so?"

They all joined in the request, and, placing her in a chair, she sang, in a sweet, childish voice, the following beautiful song:

"Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam,  
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;  
No one cares for me, no one would cry,  
Even if poor little Bessie should die.  
Weary and tired I've wandered all day,  
Asking for work, but I'm too small, they say;  
On the damp ground I must now lay my head;  
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead."

"We were so happy till father drank rum,  
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;  
Mother grew pale and wept every day,  
Baby and I were too hungry to play;  
Slowly they faded till one Summer night,  
Found their dead faces all silent and white;  
Then, with big tears slowly dropping, I said,  
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead."

"Oh! if the temperance men only could find  
Poor wretched father, and talk very kind;  
If they could stop him from drinking, then  
I should be so very happy again;  
Is it too late, temperance men? Please try,  
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die;  
All day long I've been begging for bread,  
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead."

The game of billiards was left unfinished, the cards thrown aside, and the unemptied glass remained on the counter; all had pressed near, some with pity-beaming eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child, who seemed better fitted to be with the angels above than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song as it dropped from her lips sank deep into the hearts of those who gathered around her.

With her golden hair falling carelessly around her shoulders, and looking so trustingly and confidently upon the gentlemen around her, her beautiful eyes illuminated with a light that seemed not of this earth, she formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy of the genius of a poet or a painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping; men who had not shed a tear for years now wept like children. One young man, who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother, and the entreaties of friends, to strive to lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and, taking both her hands in his, while tears streamed down his cheek, exclaimed, with deep emotion:—

"God bless you, my little angel. You have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there are angels on earth, you are one! God bless you! God bless you!" and putting a note into the mother's hand, said—

"Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem for your little girl has done me a kindness I can never repay; and, remember, whenever you are in want, you will find me a true friend," at the same time giving her his name and address. Taking her child by the hand, she started to go, but, pausing at the door said:

"God bless you, gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor, friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her."

Before any one replied she was gone. A silence of several minutes ensued, which was broken by the proprietor, who exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, that lady was right, and I have sold my last glass of whisky; if any of you want any more you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drunk my last glass of whisky," said a young man who had long been given up by those who had a deep interest in his welfare, as sunk too low ever to reform.—*Household Advocate*.

—o—

Oh, that men should put an enemy in  
Their mouths to steal away their brains that we!  
Should, with joy, pleasure, revel and applause,  
Transform ourselves to beasts!

—Shakspeare.

## THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

This poem was written by a young lady whose life had been made wretched by a drunkard father. She wrote and sent it to a friend, who had told her that he was a "monomaniac" in her bitter hatred of the deadly cup.

Go, feel what I have felt,

Go, bear what I have borne—

Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,

And the cold, proud world's scorn.

Thus struggle on from year to year,

Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,

O'er a loved father's fall,

See every cherished promise swept,

Youth's sweetness turned to gall;

Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way

That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,

Implore, beseech and pray,

Strive the besotted heart to melt,

The downward course to stay—

Be cast, with bitter tears, aside,

Thy prayers hurlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,

And see the strong man bow

With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,

And cold and livid brow;

Go, watch his wandering glance, and see

There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,

The sobs of sad despair,

As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,

And its revelations there

Have told him what he might have been,

Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to thy mother's side,

And her crushed bosom cheer—

Thine own deep anguish hide—

Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear.

Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,

The gray that streaks her dark hair now,

Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb,

And trace her ruin back to him

Whose plighted faith, in early youth

Promised eternal love and truth—

But who, foresworn, hath yielded up

This promise to the deadly cup,

And led down from love and light,

For all that made her pathway bright,

And chained her there 'mid want and strife,

That lowly thing—a Drunkard's Wife,

And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,

That withering blight—a Drunkard's Child.

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know

All that my soul has felt and known,

Then look upon the wine cup's glow,

See if its brightness can atone,

Think if its flavor you would try,

If all proclaimed:—" 'Tis drink and die !"  
 Tell me I hate the bowl !  
 Hate is a feeble word—  
 I loathe, abhor—my very soul  
 With strong disgust is stirred,  
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell  
 Of the dark beverage of Hell !

MAKING reflections on the faults of others is generally a fruitless thing; it is often attended with mistakes, and involves men in sin. When we find it so hard to amend ourselves, we may well esteem it a very unseemly thing with bitterness to inveigh against our brother.

## RELIGIOUS READING.

### OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,  
 Loved ones who've crossed to the further side,  
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
 But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
 He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,  
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
 We saw not the angels who met him there,  
 The gates of the city we could not see,  
 Over the river—over the river—  
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
 Carried another, the household pet;  
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
 We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
 We know she is safe, on the further side,  
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
 Over the river—the mystic river—  
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale—  
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;  
 And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
 Who cross the stream, and are gone for aye.  
 We may not sunder the vail apart,  
 That hides from our vision the gates of day;  
 We only know that their bark is no more  
 May sail with us over life's stormy sea;  
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
 Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,  
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
 To the better shore of the spirit land;  
 I shall know the loved who have gone before;  
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
 When over the river—the peaceful river—  
 The angel of death shall carry me.

### THE ETERNAL GOD.

The following sublime ode to the Supreme Being is translated from the Russian. It was written by one of their most distinguished poets, Derzhavir. It is said to have been translated into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and hung up, embroidered in gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. It has been translated also into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Peking.

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright  
 All space doth occupy—all motion guide;  
 Unchanged through Time's all devastating flight,  
 Thou only God, there is no God beside.  
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!  
 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore!  
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;  
 Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—  
 Being whom we call God—and know no more.

In its sublime research, Philosophy  
 May measure out the ocean deep—may count  
 The sands, or the sun's rays—but, God! for  
 Thee  
 There is no weight, nor measure—none can  
 mount

Up to Thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark,  
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try

To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;  
And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,  
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
First chaos, then existence. Lord, on Thee  
Eternity had its foundation; all  
Sprung forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony.

Sole origin, all life, all beauty, Thine;  
Thy word created all and doth create,  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays Divine;  
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be glorious!  
great!  
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround;  
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath,  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life and death.  
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,  
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee,

And as the spangles in the sunny rays,  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,  
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;  
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,

All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss;  
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?

A glorious company of golden streams?  
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright?  
Suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams,

But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost—  
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?

And what am I, when Heaven's unnumbered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance weighed  
Against Thy greatness — is a cipher brought  
Against infinity! What am I then?—Naught.

Naught—but the effluence of Thy light Divine,  
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too—

Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine  
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew:  
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly  
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee  
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,  
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.  
I am, O God, and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art,  
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;  
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart,  
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,  
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand.  
I hold a middle rank, 'twixt heaven and earth,  
On the last verge of mortal being stand;  
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,  
Just on the boundary of the spirit land.

The chain of being is complete in me;  
In me is matter's last gradation lost,  
And the next step in spirit—Deity!  
I can command the lightning, and am dust;  
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god.  
Whence came I here, and how so marvelously  
Constructed and conceived unknown? This clod  
Lives surely through some higher energy;  
From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator! yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word  
Created me. Thou source of life and good!  
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!  
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,  
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring  
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
The garments of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
Even to its source—to Thee, its Author, Thee.

Oh thought ineffable! Oh vision blest!  
(Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee  
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
And waft its homage to Thy Deity?  
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,  
Thus seek Thy presence. Being wise and good,  
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore,  
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

—o—

#### RETURNING HOME.

Sweet to the morning traveler  
The skylark's earliest song,  
Whose twinkling wings are seen at fits  
The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveler,  
The gales that round him play,  
When faint and wearily he drags  
Along his noontide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun  
Full wearily toils he,  
The flowing water makes to him  
Most pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays,  
And all is calm around,  
There is sweet music to his ear,  
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the neighboring church-bell,  
That marks his journey's bourn;  
But sweeter is the voice of love,  
That welcomes his return.—SOUTHEY.

# THE OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day — been to a stylish one—  
And seeing you can't go from home, I'll tell you what was done;  
You would have been surprised to see what I saw there to-day;  
The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to pray.

I had on these coarse clothes of mine—not much the worse for wear—  
But, then, they know I wasn't one they call a millionaire;  
So they led the old man to a seat away back by the door;  
'Twas bookless and uncushioned, *a reserved seat for the poor.*

Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold ring and clothing fine,  
They led him to a cushioned seat far in advance of mine;  
I thought that wasn't exactly right to seat him up so near,  
When he was young and I was old, and very hard to hear.

But then, there's no accountin' for what some people do,  
The finest clothing nowadays, oft gets the finest pew;  
But when we reach the blessed home, and undefiled by sin,  
We'll see wealth begging at the gate, while poverty goes in.

I couldn't hear the sermon, I sat so far away;  
So through the hours of service, I could only "watch and pray;"  
Watch the doin's of the Christians sitting near me, round about;  
Pray that God would make them pure within, as they were pure without.

While I sat there, lookin' all around upon the rich and great,  
I kept thinkin' of the rich man and the beggar at the gate;  
How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar's form grew cold,  
And the angels bore his spirit to the mansions built of gold.

How, at last the rich man perished, and his spirit took its flight,  
From the purple and fine linen, to the home of endless night;  
There he learned, as he stood gazin' at the beggar in the sky,  
"It isn't all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in that religious fold,  
Who went up from their dwellings like the Pharisee of old;  
Then returned home from their worship with a head uplifted high,  
To spurn the hungry from their door with naught to satisfy.

Out! out! with such professions; they are doing more to-day  
To stop the weary sinner from the Gospel's shinin' way  
Than all the books of infidels; than all that has been tried  
Since Christ was born in Bethlehem—since Christ was crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and yet how very grand—  
The shells in ocean caverns—the flowers on the land—  
He gilds the clouds of evenin' with gold-light from His throne  
Not for the rich man only, nor for the poor alone.

Then why should man look down on man because of lack of gold?  
Why seat him in the poorest pew because his clothes are old?  
A heart with nobler motives—a heart that God has blest—  
May be beatin' heaven's music 'neath that faded coat and vest.

I'm old—I may be childish—but I love simplicity;  
I love to see it shinin' in a Christian's piety;  
Jesus told us in His sermon, in Judea's mountain wild,  
He that wants to go to heaven must be like a little child.

Our heads are growing gray, dear wife—our hearts are beating slow—  
In a little while the Master will call for us to go;  
When we reach the pearly gateways, and look in with joyful eyes,  
We'll see no stylish worship in the temple of the skies.

—o—

Too TRUE.—Dr. Lyman Beecher once said:  
"A great many professed Christians have no other idea of religion than that it is the means of getting to heaven when they die. As to doing anything for God while they live, it does not enter into their plans. I tell you, my brethren, I do not believe there is one in five hundred of such professors that will reach heaven; for there is a magnanimity in true religion that is above all such contemptible meanness."

## CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Charlotte Elliott, the author of "Just as I Am," who died in 1871, was the third daughter of Charles Elliott, Esq., of Clapham, England. Her uncle was the Rev. John Venn, rector of Clapham; and her brothers were the Rev. H. V. Elliott, of Brighton, and the Rev. E. B. Elliott, author of "Hore Apocalyptica." From early years she was more or less an invalid, and consequently her life was one of much seclusion and suffering. Her conversion was through the Rev. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, and like him she was possessed of intense love for her Redeemer, and fervent zeal in His service. Though suffering and much secluded, she was always planning or carrying out some work, with a view to glorify her Lord and Saviour. The following is from a volume of selections from her poems recently published in London:

ON A RESTLESS NIGHT IN ILLNESS.

My Saviour! what bright beam is shed  
Around my dark and suffering bed,  
Though downy slumbers thence have fled?  
It is Thy peace.

When the sad fear of future ills  
My trembling heart with sorrow fills,  
What balm sweet quietude instills?  
It is Thy peace.

When awful thoughts of death's dark hour  
Like gathering clouds around us lower,  
What to dispel them all has power?  
It is Thy peace.

When weary night and lonesome day  
Cast mournful shadows o'er my way,  
What then becomes my staff, my stay?  
It is Thy peace.

If suffering be my lot below,  
Lord! till my tears shall cease to flow,  
In life, in death, one boon bestow,  
It is Thy peace.

—Christian World.

THE HOUR OF TRIAL.—Colonel Ethan Allen, of Vermont, openly rejected the Christian religion, and wrote a work against it. But how little faith he possessed in his own principles, when put to the test, will be seen from a fact related by Dr. Dwight: While the colonel was engaged in reading some of his own writings to a friend, a message was brought that his daughter was at the point of death. His wife, a pious woman, had instructed her child in the truths of the Bible. When the father appeared at the bedside, the daughter affectionately looked at him and said, "Father, I am about to die; shall I believe in the principles you have taught me, or shall I believe in what my mother has taught me?" On hearing this question the colonel was much distressed, and after a pause replied, "BELIEVE IN WHAT YOUR MOTHER HAS TAUGHT YOU." Reader, that *hour of trial* will overtake us all! be ready for it; rest your hope on Christ.

## PURITY OF CHARACTER.

Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is gone forever; for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed as a queenly woman never was arrayed with jewels: once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes, and trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and by a scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. He who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessing of a mother's tears still wet upon his brow, if he once lose that early purity of character, it is a spot that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven.

—o—

## UNIVERSALISM IN A NUTSHELL.

"I am a Universalist," said G. K——, boastingly, "and you orthodox are not fair in saying that our system is inconsistent with reason."

"I will prove the irrationality of your system," said his friend. "You believe Christ died to save all men?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you do not believe there is a hell?"

"No, I don't."

"You don't believe there is any punishment hereafter?"

"No, I do not; men are punished for their sins in this life?"

"Well, now let us put your 'rational' system together. It amounts to just this, that Christ the Saviour died to save all men from nothing at all. Not from hell, because, according to you, there is none. Not from punishment in a future state of being, for he receives his whole punishment in this life. Yours is the absurd spectacle of ropes and life-preservers thrown at an immense expense to a man who is on dry land, and in no danger of being drowned."

## THE BIBLE.

Who composed the following description of the Bible we may never know. It was found in Westminster Abbey, nameless and dateless; but nevertheless, it is invaluable for its wise and wholesome counsels:

A nation would be truly happy if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book.

It contains everything needful to be known or done.

It gives instruction to a Senate, authority and direction to a magistrate.

It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes a judge with his sentence.

It sets the husband as the lord of the household, and the wife as the mistress by the table; tells him how to rule, and her as well how to manage.

It entails honor on parents, and enjoins obedience on children.

It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master, commands the subjects to honor, and the servants to obey; and the blessing and protection of the Almighty to all who walk by its rule.

It gives directions to weddings and burials.

It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both.

It points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and whom his widow is to trust; and promises a father to the former and a husband to the latter.

It teaches a man to get his house in order and how to make his will; it appoints a dowry for his wife; entails the right of the first-born; and shows how the young branches shall be left.

It defends the rights of all, and reveals vengeance to every defaulter, overreacher, and trespasser.

It is the first book, the best book.

It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest degree of pleasure and satisfaction that we have ever enjoyed.

It contains the best laws and most profound mysteries that were ever penned; and it brings the very best of comfort to the inquiring and disconsolate.

It exhibits life and immortality from life everlasting, and shows the way to glory.

It is a brief recital of all that is to come.

It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of scruples.

It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to Him; it sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them and all that trust in such; in short, it is a book of laws to show right and wrong; of wisdom that condemns all folly and makes the foolish wise; a

book of truth that detects all lies, and confronts all errors; it is a book of life that shows the way from everlasting death.

It contains the most ancient antiquities and strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, and unparalleled wars.

It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, the human tribes, and the devilish legions.

It will instruct the accomplished mechanic and the most profound critic.

It is the best covenant that was ever agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best evidence that ever was produced, the best will that will ever be signed.

To understand it is to be wise, indeed; to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of true wisdom.

It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housekeeper's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion; it is the schoolboy's spelling-book, and the great and learned man's masterpiece.

It contains choice grammar for a novice, and profound mystery for a sage.

It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and the wise man's directory.

It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the humorous, and dark sayings for the grave; it is also its own interpreter, and that which crowns it all is, that the Author is without partiality, and without hypocrisy, "With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

—o—

LOST WOMEN.—Has it ever occurred to you what a commentary upon our civilization are these lost women, and the attitude of society toward them? A little child strays from the home inclosure, and the whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer, and restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicing when it is found, what tearful sympathy, what heartiness of congratulation! There are no harsh comments upon poor, tired feet, be they ever so miry, no reprimand for the soiled and torn garments, no lack of kisses for the tear-stained face. But let the child be grown to womanhood, let her be led from it by the scourge of want—what happens then? Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? Do they provide all possible help for her return, or if she returns of her own motion, do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as to secure her against wandering again? Far from it. At the first step she is denounced as lost—lost! echo friends and relatives—we disown you; do not ever come near us to disgrace us! Lost! says society, indifferently. How bad these girls are! And lost!—irretrievably lost!—is the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and respectability. Ah! will not those lost ones be required at our hands hereafter?—*Mrs. Burleigh.*

## THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

[The following which appeared some years since in the "Edinburg Review," is one of the grandest sacred poems ever written. It has been published again and again, and yet the people never grow weary of it.]

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave.  
And no man dug that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
But no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth—  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes back when night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun!

Noiselessly as the Spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves;  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray Beth-peor's height,  
Out of his lonely eyrie  
Looked on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance the lion, stalking,  
Still shuns that hallowed spot,  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drum,  
Follow his funeral car.  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
We lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honored place,  
With costly marble drest,  
In the great minster transept,  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,  
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior  
That ever buckled sword,  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word,  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen  
On the deathless page truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And hath he not high honor—  
The hillside for a pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall,  
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,  
Over his bier to wave;  
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay  
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!  
Before the Judgment Day,  
And stand with glory wrapt around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life,  
With the incarnate Son of God.

Oh, lonely grave in Moab's land!  
Oh, dark Beth-peor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath His mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep  
Of him he loved so well.

—o—  
BEYOND COMPREHENSION. — When Daniel Webster was in his best moral estate, and when he was in the prime of his manhood, he was one day dining with a company of literary gentlemen in the city of Boston. The company was composed of clergymen, lawyers, physicians, statesmen, merchants, and almost all classes of literary persons. During the dinner the conversation incidentally turned upon the subject of Christianity. Mr. Webster, as the occasion was in honor of him, was expected to take a leading part in the conversation, and he frankly stated as his religious sentiments his belief in the divinity of Christ, and his dependence upon the atonement of the Saviour. A minister of very considerable literary reputation, sat almost opposite him at the table, and he looked at him and said: "Mr. Webster, can you comprehend how Jesus Christ could be both God and man?" Mr. Webster, with one of those looks which no man can imitate, fixed his eye upon him, and promptly and emphatically said: "No, sir, I cannot comprehend it; and I would be ashamed to acknowledge Him as my Saviour if I could comprehend it. If I could comprehend Him He could be no greater than myself, and such is my conviction of accountability to God, such is my sense of sinfulness before Him, and such is my knowledge of my own incapacity to recover myself, that I feel the need of a super-human Saviour."—*Bishop Jones.*

## ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
 Thoughtlessly the maiden sung ;  
 Fell the words unconsciously  
 From her girlish tongue :  
 Sang as little children sing,  
 Sang as sing the birds in June,  
 Fell the words like light leaves down  
 On the current of the tune—  
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"  
 Felt her soul no need to hide ;  
 Sweet the song as song could be—  
 And she had no thought beside ;  
 All the words unheedingly  
 Fell from lips untouched by care,  
 Dreaming not that they might be  
 On some other lip a prayer—  
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—  
 'Twas a woman sang them now ;  
 Sang them slow and wearily—  
 Wan hand on her aching brow.  
 Rose the song as storm-tossed bird  
 Beats with weary wing the air,  
 Every note with sorrow stirred,  
 Every syllable a prayer—  
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
 Lips grown aged sang the hymn  
 Trustingly and tenderly—  
 Voice grown weak, and eyes grown  
 dim ;

"Let me hid myself in Thee,"  
 Trembling though the voice and low,  
 Ran the sweet strain peacefully,  
 Like a river in its flow ;  
 Sung as only they can sing  
 Who behold the promised rest—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
 Sung above a coffin lid ;  
 Underneath, all restfully,  
 All life's joys and sorrows hid.  
 Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul !  
 Nevermore from wind or tide,  
 Nevermore from billows' roll,  
 Wilt thou need to hide.  
 Could the sightless, sunken eyes,  
 Closed beneath the soft gray hair ;  
 Could the mute and stiffened lips  
 Move again in pleading prayer,  
 Still, aye still, the words would be :  
 "Let me hide myself in Thee."

## READ YOUR BIBLE DAILY.

The celebrated painter, Benjamin Robert Haydon, gave the following admirable advice to his son, at a very critical time of his life : "You are quite right to read history ; make yourself master of the histories of Greece and Rome. The English people are in many respects not unlike the Athenians, without their art, and like the Romans, without their profligacy. Read your Bible daily. There is no more interesting book in the world, and it is becoming more necessary to read it and study it, because I already perceive a tendency among our scientific men, in all their pride of knowledge and what they call discovery, to set the bible as an oriental legend. Do not believe them. The Mosaic account of the Creation is the most simple and the most natural, and will be found, you may rely on it, confirmed by science, when science has got down to the real facts. Generalization, founded on our present knowledge of the laws of nature, is the very thing which our present acquaintance with those laws does not justify. I am convinced that no thoroughly established and settled theory will be found to contradict the truths revealed in the Bible. But you are too young yet for me to enter further on the subject. I only tell you of it to put you on your guard. You will find many men, old and grown-up men, who will laugh at the Bible. Do not believe them. Mathematics are all very well ; but the different calculus, my dear boy, can never prove or disprove the existence of God. Read your bible, do your duty, and leave the rest to God."

—o—

## TAKE THE GOSPEL AWAY, AND WHAT ?

Take the general Gospel away, and what a mockery is human philosophy ? I once met a thoughtful scholar, who told me that he had read every book which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ. He said he should have become an infidel were it not for three things :

"First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. I am to-night a day nearer the grave than last night. I have read all that they can tell me. There is not one solitary ray of light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only guide and leave me stone blind.

"Secondly, I had a mother. I saw her go down in the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep upon the breast of a mother. I know that was not a dream.

"Thirdly," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I have three motherless daughters. They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you could blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel."—*Bishop Whipple.*

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Did you ever think, short though it is, how much there is in it? Oh, it is beautiful! And, like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us—every one of us—to look to God as our parent:—"Our Father."

It teaches us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth:—"Who art in Heaven."

It tells us that we must reverence our Heavenly Father:—"Hallowed be Thy name."

It breathes the saints' reward:—"Thy kingdom come."

And a submissive, obedient spirit:—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

And a dependent, trusting spirit:—"Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit:—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

And a cautious spirit:—"Deliver us from evil."

And, last of all, an adoring spirit:—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

—o—

## A LETTER FROM GEN. R. E. LEE TO HIS SON.

ARLINGTON HOUSE, April 5, 1852.

MY DEAR SON: \* \* \* \* Your letters breathe a spirit of frankness. They have given myself and your mother great pleasure. You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable: if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and you will wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with your classmates; you will find it the policy that wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor. In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly one hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as the "dark day," a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The Legislature

of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport Stanford, who said that if the last day had come he desired to be found at his place, doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought so that the house could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind—the quietness of heavenly wisdom—an inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part. Your affectionate father, R. E. LEE.

To G. W. Custis Lee.

—o—

## ITEMS EVERY MAN SHOULD READ.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a woman has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence.

To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of women, we recommend three hints as worthy of consideration:

Never use a lady's name in an improper time or in mixed company.

Never make any assertions about her that you think are not true, or allusions that you think she herself would blush to hear.

When you meet men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity.

Many a good woman's character has been ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor, unfortunate victim.

Respect the name of a woman, for your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair name untarnished and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature.

## "IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE."

[Richard Langhorne, a lawyer, was unjustly condemned and put to death as a traitor, in the reign of Charles I. Just before the execution he wrote the following exquisite and remarkable poem. In the words of the *Quarterly Review*, "A poem it must be called, though it is not in verse. Perhaps there is not in this or any other language a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart."

It is told me I must die ;  
O, happy news !  
Be glad, O my soul,  
And rejoice in Jesus, the Saviour !  
If He intended thy perdition,  
Would He have laid down His life for thee ?  
Would He have called thee with so much love,  
And illuminated thee with the light of the  
Spirit ?

Would He have given thee His cross ;  
And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience ?

It is told me I must die ;  
O, happy news !  
Come on, my dearest soul,  
Behold, thy Jesus calls thee,  
He prayed for thee upon His cross ;  
There He extended His arms to receive thee ;  
There He bowed down His head to kiss thee ;  
There He opened His heart to give thee entrance ;  
There He gave up His life to purchase life for  
thee.

It is told me I must die ;  
O, what happiness !  
I am going  
To the place of my rest ;  
To the land of the living ;  
To the haven of security ;  
To the kingdom of peace ;  
To the palace of my God ;  
To sit at the table of my King ;  
To feed on the bread of angels ;  
To see what no eye hath seen ;  
To hear what no ear hath heard ;  
To enjoy what the heart of man cannot com-  
prehend.

O, my Father !  
O, Thou best of all fathers !  
Have pity on the most wretched of Thy chil-  
dren !

I was lost, but by Thy mercy found ;  
I was dead, but by Thy grace am now raised  
again ;

I was gone astray after vanity,  
But I am now ready to appear before Thee.

O, my Father !  
Come now in mercy and receive thy child !  
Give him Thy kiss of peace ;  
Remit unto him all his sins ;  
Clothe him with Thy nuptial robe ;  
Permit him to have a place at Thy feast ;  
And forgive all those who are guilty of his  
death.

## GOD'S WAY AND MAN'S WAY.

God says : Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all these (earthly things) shall be added unto you.

Man says : Seek first worldly wealth and fame and power ; religion you can get on a dying bed.

God says : Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

Man says : Let prayer go, and work for what you want.

God says : Give and it shall be given unto you ; good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over, shall men give unto your bosoms.

Man says : Charity begins at home. Why give to others that for which you have toiled so hard ? Your own family may want it.

God says : Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them.

Man says : Each man for himself. Look out for number one.

God says : Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven.

Man says : Make sure of your worldly treasures. Heaven is a long way off.

God says : Whosoever hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him ?

Man says : What guaranty have I, if I give my earnings to the poor, that I shall not come to want myself ?

God says : there is that that scattereth, and yet increaseth.

Man says : It is only by saving and hoarding what you have that it will increase.

Reader, what says your conscience ? Is not God's way better than man's ?—*Christian Stand-ard*.

—o—

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.—Augustus Toplady bequeathed to the Church "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me ;" "A Debtor to Mercy Alone ;" "When Langour and Disease Invade," and "Deathless Principle, Arise !" hymns in which it would seem as if the finished work were embalmed, and the living hope exulting in every line. During his last illness Toplady seemed to lie in a very vestibule of glory. To a friend's inquiry, he answered, with sparkling eye, "Oh ! my dear sir, I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul—they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul." And within an hour of dying he called his friends and asked if they could give him up ; and when they said they could, tears of joy ran down his cheeks, and he added, "Oh ! what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over to the hands of my dear Redeemer, and part with me ; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested in my soul !"

# CHOICE SELECTIONS OF POETRY.

"It is the province of Poetry to hallow the sphere in which it moves, and breathe around it an odor more exquisite than the rose or the lily."

## TO MARY, IN HEAVEN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

A gem in the writing of Burns, which has thrown a halo of light around his memory, and covers with the mantle of hope many of his errors. Oh ! how it seems to swell up from the depths of his heart, as he lies, stretched on the cold earth, gazing up to the beautiful star in whose bright realms his fancy had fixed the abode of "Mary, in Heaven."

"Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary ! dear departed shade !  
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
See'st thou thy lover, lowly laid ?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour, can I forget ?  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,  
To live one day of parting love ?  
Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past ;  
Thy image at our last embrace,  
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods thick 'ning green ;  
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,  
Twin'd amorous round the raptured scene.  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray ;  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care !  
Time but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.  
My Mary, dear departed shade !  
Where is thy blissful place of rest ?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ? "

## I'LL KNOW THEE THERE.

George D. Prentice said : "No living poet can surpass in gracefulness and beauty the following lines, from the muse of Amelia. They are exceedingly beautiful :"

Pale stars, that with thy soft, sad light  
Came out upon my bridal eve,  
I have a song to sing to-night,  
Before thou tak'st thy mournful leave.  
Since then so softly time has stirr'd,  
That months have almost seemed like hours ;  
And I am like a little bird  
That slept too long among the flowers,  
And, waking, sits with waveless wing,  
Soft singing 'mid the shades of even ;  
But oh, with sadder heart I sing—  
I sing of one who dwells in Heaven.

The winds are soft, the clouds are few,  
And tenderest thought my heart beguiles ;  
As floating up through mist and dew,  
The pale young moon comes out and smiles.  
And to the green, resounding shore,  
In silvery troops the ripples crowd,  
Till all the ocean, dimpled o'er,  
Lifts up its voice and laughs aloud ;  
And star on star, all soft and calm,  
Floats up yon arch serenely blue ;  
And, lost to earth, and steeped in balm,  
My spirit floats in ether, too.

Loved one ! though lost to human sight,  
I feel thy spirit lingering near ;  
And softly as I feel the light  
That trembles through the atmosphere,  
As in some temples holy shades,  
Though mute the hymn, and hushed the  
prayer,  
A solemn awe the soul pervades,  
Which tells that worship has been there ;  
A breath of incense, left alone  
Where many a censer swung around,  
Will thrill the wanderer like to one  
Who treads on consecrated ground.

I know thy soul from worlds of bliss  
Yet stoops awhile to dwell with me,  
Hath caught the prayer I breathed in this,  
That I at last might dwell with thee.  
I hear a murmur from the seas  
That thrills me like the spirit's sighs ;  
I hear a voice on every breeze,  
That makes to mine its low replies—

A voice all low and sweet like thine,  
It gives an answer to my prayer,  
And brings my soul from Heaven a sign,  
That I will know and meet thee there.

I'll know thee there by that sweet face,  
Round which a tender halo plays,  
Still touched with that expressive grace  
That made thee lovely all thy days ;  
By that sweet smile that o'er it shed  
A beauty like the light of even,  
Whose soft expression never fled,  
Even when its soul had flown to Heaven.  
I'll know thee by the starry crown  
That glitters in thy raven hair ;  
Oh ! by these blessed signs alone,  
I'll know thee there, I'll know thee there.

For ah ! thine eye, within whose sphere  
The sweets of youth and beauty met,  
That swam in love and softness here,  
Must swim in love and softness yet.  
For ah ! its dark and liquid beams,  
Though saddened by a thousand sighs,  
Were holier than the light that streams  
Down from the gates of Paradise—  
Were bright and radiant like the morn,  
Yet soft and dewy as the eve,  
Too sad for eyes whose smiles are born,  
Too young for eyes that learn to grieve.

I wonder if this cool, sweet breeze  
Hath touched thy lips and found thy brow,  
For all my spirit hears and sees,  
Recalls thee to my memory now.  
For every hour we breathe apart  
Will but increase, if that can be,  
The love that fills this lonely heart,  
Already filled as full of thee.  
Yet many a tear these eyes must weep,  
And many a sin must be forgiven,  
Ere these pale lips shall sink to sleep—  
And you and I shall meet in Heaven.

#### —o— THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The following is pronounced, by the *Westminster Review*, to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written :

Within the sober realm of leafless trees  
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,  
Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease,  
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills  
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,  
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills  
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, all sounds subdued,  
The hills seemed further, and the stream  
sung low,  
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed  
His Winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with  
gold,  
Their banners bright with every martial hue,  
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,  
Withdrawn ajar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight ;  
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint ;  
And, like a star, slow drowning in the light,  
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—  
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before ;  
Silent, till some replying warder blew  
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,  
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged  
young ;  
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,  
By every light wind like a censor swung ;

Where sung the noisy martins of the eaves,  
The busy swallows, circling ever near—  
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,  
An early harvest and a plenteous year ;

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast  
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at  
morn,

To warn the reaper of the rosy east,  
All now was sunless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,  
And croaked the crow through all the dreary  
gloom ;  
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,  
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers ;  
The spiders moved their thin shroud night  
by night ;  
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,  
Sailed slowly by—passing noiseless out of  
sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,  
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch  
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,  
Firing the floor with his inverted touch.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
The white-haired matron, with monotonous  
tread,  
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien  
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.  
She had known sorrow. He had walked with  
her,  
Off supped, and broke with her the ashen  
crust ;  
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir  
Of his thick mantle, trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with Summer  
bloom,  
Her country summoned, and she gave her all ;  
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—  
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew  
And struck for liberty the dying blow ;  
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,  
Fell 'neath the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the drooping wheel went on,  
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon ;  
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone  
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremu-  
lous tone.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was  
bowed ;  
Life dropped the distaff through her hands  
serene,  
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful  
shroud,  
While death and Winter closed the Autumn  
scene.

—o—

### COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

John Logan, who has been described as one of those unfortunate men of genius whose life has been marked by disappointment and misfortune, was born at Soutra, in East Lothian, in 1748. He early evinced poetical talent, and, throughout the whole of his productions, there runs a vein of tenderness and moral sentiment tinged with melancholy. We give an extract from one of his last pieces, written during a visit to the "Country in Autumn:"

'Tis past ; no more the Summer blooms !  
Ascending in the rear,  
Behold congenial Autumn comes,  
The Sabbath of the year !  
What time thy holy whispers breathe,  
The pensive evening shade beneath,  
And twilight consecrates the floods ;  
While nature strips her garment gay,  
And wears the vesture of decay,  
O let me wander thro' the sounding woods !

Ah ! well-known streams !—ah ! wonted groves,  
Still pictured in my mind !  
Oh ! sacred scenes of youthful loves,  
Whose image lives behind !  
While sad I ponder on the past,  
The joys that must no longer last ;  
The wild-flower strewn on Summer's bier ;  
The dying music of the grove,  
And the last elegies of love,  
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear.

My steps, when innocent and young,  
These fairy paths pursued ;  
And, wandering o'er the wild, I sung  
My fancies to the wood.  
I mourned the linnet-lover's fate,  
Or turtle from her murdered mate,  
Condemned the widowed hours to wail ;  
Or while the mournful vision rose,  
I sought to weep for imaged woes,  
Nor real life believed a tragic tale !

Alas ! Misfortune's cloud unkind  
May Summer soon o'ercast !  
And cruel Fate's untimely wind  
All human beauty blast !  
The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,  
And promised fruits and cherished flowers,  
The hopes of life in embryo sweeps ;  
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,  
And desolate before his time,  
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps !

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood  
That hides me in its gloom,  
While lost in melancholy mood  
I muse upon the tomb.  
Their chequered leaves the branches shed ;  
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,  
They sadly sigh that Winter's near :  
The warning voice I hear behind,  
That shakes the wood without a wind,  
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethæan streams,  
The sorrowing sense to steep ;  
Nor drink oblivion of the themes  
On which I love to weep.  
Belated oft by fabled rill,  
While nightly o'er the hallowed hill  
Aerial music seems to mourn ;  
I'll listen Autumn's closing strain ;  
Then woo the walks of youth again,  
And pour my sorrows o'er the untimely urn !  
—Chambers' Journal.

—o—

### "MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE."

The author of the beautiful lyric, "My Life is Like the Summer Rose," which is so universally admired, like Wolfe and Gray, immortalized his name by a single production. The piece is usually attributed to the late Hon. Richard H. Wilde, a native of Baltimore, but for many years a resident of Georgia, which he represented in Congress. It was written about the year 1813, and first printed in 1818. We subjoin the original of Wilde, with a response (in alternate verses) of almost equal force and beauty, said to have been written by a lady of Baltimore, Maryland :

My life is like the Summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die.  
Yet on that rose's humble bed,  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept such waste to see,  
But none shall WEEP A TEAR for me.

The dews of night may fall from Heaven,  
Upon the withered rose's bed ;  
And tears of fond regret be given,  
To mourn the virtues of the dead.  
Yet, morning's sun the dew will dry,

And tears will fade from sorrow's eye ;  
Affection's pangs be lulled to sleep,  
And even love forget to WEEP.

My life is like the Autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray—  
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,  
Restless, and soon to pass away.  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree shall mourn its shade ;  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall BREATHE A SIGH for me.

The tree may mourn its fallen leaf,  
And Autumn winds bewail its bloom :  
And friends may heave a sigh of grief  
O'er those who sleep within the tomb :  
Yet soon will Spring renew the flowers,  
And time will bring more smiling hours ;  
In friendship's heart all grief will die,  
And even love forget to SIGH.

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert sand—  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace shall vanish from the strand.  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,  
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me.

The sea may on the desert shore  
Lament each trace it bears away ;  
The lonely heart its grief may pour  
O'er cherished friendship's fast decay ;  
Yet, when all track is lost and gone,  
The waves dance bright and gaily on ;  
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,  
And even love forgets to mourn.

—Christian World.

—o—

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

FRANCIS M. FINCH.

The following verses were written shortly after the close of the war. Inasmuch as in various sections of the country no distinction is made between the Federal and Confederates in decorating their graves, the country seems to have risen to the magnanimous spirit in which the "Blue and the Gray" is written.

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the new grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment day,  
Under the one the Blue,  
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robing of glory,  
Those in the gloom of defeat,  
All with the battle-blood gory,  
In the dusk of eternity meet.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment day,  
Under the laurel the Blue,  
Under the willow the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment day,  
Under the roses the Blue,  
Under the lilies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor  
The morning sun-rays fall,  
With a touch impartially tender,  
On the blossoms blooming for all.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment day,  
Brothered with gold the Blue,  
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So when the Summer calleth,  
On forest and field of grain,  
With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment day,  
Wet with the rain the Blue,  
Wet with the rain the Gray.

Sadly, but not upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done,  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment day,  
Under the blossoms the Blue,  
Under the garland the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,  
Or the winding river be red ;  
They banish our anger forever,  
When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment day,  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.

—o—

## ENIGMA.

THE LETTER "H."

The following celebrated poetical enigma has been usually attributed to Lord Byron, but it is now believed to have been written by Miss Katherine Fanshawe, a lady of England :  
'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,  
An echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;  
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,  
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.

'Tis seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder,  
'Twill be found in the sphere when riven asunder ;

'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,  
It assists at his birth and attends at his death ;  
Presides over his happiness, honor and health,  
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth ;

In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,  
But is sure to be lost by his prodigal heir !  
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,  
It prays with the hermit, with monarchs is crowned.

Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,  
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home !

In the whispers of conscience 'tis sure to be found,  
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned ;  
'Twill soften the heart, and though deaf be the ear,

It will make it acutely and instantly hear ;  
In the shade let it rest like a delicate flower ;  
Oh ! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour !

#### A PASTORAL.

The following poem, by A. J. Mundy, a hitherto unknown English poet, is one of the most beautiful things we have seen in years. It is not only exquisitely sweet, natural and easy in its flow, but it is a marvel in the way of versification. Observe the wonderfully ingenious manner in which certain words of the first stanza are made to rhyme with the corresponding words in the second, and so on with the third and fourth, etc.—*Boston Transcript*.

I sat with Doris, the shepherd maiden ;  
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers ;  
I sat and wooed her through sunlight wheeling,  
And shadows stealing for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap incloses  
Wild Summer roses of faint perfume.  
The while I sued her, kept hushed and hearkened  
Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger ;  
She said, " We linger ; we must not stay ;  
My flocks in danger, my sheep will wander ;  
Behold them yonder—how far they stray ! "

I answered bolder, " Nay, let me hear you,  
And still be near you, and still adore ;  
No wolf or stranger will touch one yearling ;  
Ah ! stay, my darling, a moment more.

She whispered, sighing, " There will be sorrow  
Beyond the morrow, if I lose to-day :  
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,  
I shall be scolded, and sent away."

Said I, replying, " If they do miss you,  
They ought to kiss you when you get home ;  
And well rewarded by friend and neighbor  
Should be the labor from which you come."

" They might remember," she answered meekly,  
" That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild ;  
But, if they love me, it's none so fervent ;  
I am a servant and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,  
And love did win me to swift reply :  
" Ah do but prove me, and none shall blind you,  
Nor fray, nor find you, until I die."

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,  
As if debating in dreams divine ;  
But I did brave them—I told her plainly  
She doubted vainly ; she must be mine.

So we twin-hearted, from all the valley  
Did chase and rally her nibbling ewes,  
And homeward drove them, we two together,  
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty from grace did lend her—  
My Doris tender, my Doris true :  
That I, her warder, did always bless her,  
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling—  
With love excelling, and undefiled ;  
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent—  
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

#### THE MONEYLESS MAN.

This beautiful poem was composed years ago by Henry Staunton, of Maysville, Kentucky. Such gems of poetry are not often met with, written by authors whose names are never known to history.

Is there no place on the face of earth  
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth ?  
Where bosoms in kindness and mercy will heave,  
And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive ?

Is there no place on earth where a knock from  
the poor

Will bring a kind answer to open the door ?  
Ah ! search the wide world wherever you can,  
There is no open door for the moneyless man.

Go look in the hall where the chandelier light  
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night ;

Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,  
Sweeps gracefully down, with its trimming of gold,

And mirrors of silver take up and renew  
In long lighted vistas the 'wilderling view ;  
Go there in your patches, and find if you can  
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man,

Go look in your church of the cloud-reaching  
spire,  
Which gives back to the sun his same look of fire,  
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous  
within,  
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without  
sin ;

Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great  
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate—

Walk down in your patches, and find if you can  
Who opens a pew for the moneyless man.  
Go to your judge, in dark, flowing gown,  
With the scales wherein law weigheth quietly down ;

Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,

And punishes right while he justifies wrong ;  
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,  
To render a verdict they've already made ;  
Go there in the court-room, and find if you can  
Any law for the case of the moneyless man.

Go look in the banks, where Mammon has told  
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold ;  
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,

Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore ;  
Walk up to the counter—ah, there you may stay,

Till your limbs have grown old and your hair turns gray,

And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan  
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed  
The wife who has suffered so long for her bread ;  
Kneel down on her pallet and kiss the death frost

From the lips of the angel your poverty lost—  
Then turn in your agony upward to God,  
And bless while it smites you the chastening rod ;

And you'll find after ending your life's little span,  
There's a welcome above for the moneyless man.

#### THERE IS A MYSTIC THREAD OF LIFE.

BY LORD BYRON.

There is a mystic thread of life,  
So dearly wove with mine alone  
That destiny's relentless knife  
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes  
Have often gazed with fond delight ;  
By day that form their joy supplies,  
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tunes inspire  
Such thrills of rapture through my breast,  
I would not hear a seraph choir  
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell  
Affection's tale upon the cheek,  
But pallid at one fond farewell,  
Proclaim more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine have pressed,  
And none have ever pressed before ;  
It vowed to make me sweetly blessed,  
And mine, mine only pressed it more.

There is a bosom all my own  
Hath pillowed oft this aching head ;  
And mouth which smiles on me alone,  
And eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill  
In unison so closely sweet  
That, pulse to pulse responsive still,  
They both must heave or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow  
In gentle streams so calmly run,  
That when they part, they part ! ah, no !  
They *cannot* part, these souls are one !

—o—

#### ALICE CARY'S SWEETEST POEM.

Our readers will be gratified by the republication of the following exquisite lines by Alice Cary—lines which, in the judgment of so competent a critic as Edgar A. Poe, deserve to rank among the very finest contributions to the poetic literature of this country :

Of all the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
Is one of a dim old forest,  
That seemeth best of all ;  
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,  
Dark with the mistletoe ;  
Not for the violets golden  
That sprinkle the vale below ;  
Not for the milk-white lilies  
That lean from the fragrant hedge,  
Coqueting all day with the sunbeams,  
And stealing their golden edge ;  
Not for the vines of the upland,  
Where the bright red berries rest ;  
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,  
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,  
With eyes that were dark and deep—  
In the lap of that olden forest  
He lieth in peace, asleep ;  
Light as the down of the thistle,  
Free as the winds that blow,  
We roved there the beautiful Summers,  
The Summers of long ago ;  
But his feet on the hills grew weary,  
And one of the Autumn eves  
I made for my little brother  
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded  
My neck in a meek embrace,  
As the light of immortal beauty  
Silently covered his face ;  
And when the arrows of sunset  
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,  
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,  
Asleep by the gates of light.  
Therefore, of all the pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
The one of the dim old forest  
Seemeth the best of all.

## THE FORSAKEN.

This poem, written by "Stella" (Mrs. Estelle Anna Lewis), at the age of fourteen, Poe said was "the most beautiful ballad of the kind ever written. We have read it," he remarked, "more than twenty times, and always with increasing admiration." And, on the strength of this opinion, we reprint it :

It hath been said, for all who die  
     There is a tear ;  
 Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh  
     O'er every bier.  
 But in that hour of pain and dread  
     Who will draw near  
 Around my humble couch and shed  
     One farewell tear ?

Who 'd watch life's last departing ray  
     In deep despair,  
 And soothe my spirit on its way  
     With holy prayer ?  
 What mourner round my bier will come,  
     In weeds of woe,  
 And follow me to my long home,  
     Solemn and slow ?

When lying on my clayey bed,  
     In icy sleep,  
 Who there, by pure affection led,  
     Will come and weep ;  
 By the pale moon implant the rose  
     Upon my breast,  
 And bid it cheer my dark repose,  
     My lowly rest ?

Could I but know, when I am sleeping  
     Low in the ground,  
 One faithful heart would there be keeping  
     Watch all night round,  
 As if some gem lay shrined beneath  
     That sod's cold gloom,  
 'Twould mitigate the pangs of death,  
     And light the tomb.

Yes ; in that hour, if I could feel  
     From halls of glee,  
 And Beauty's presence one would steal  
     In secrecy,  
 And come and sit and weep by me  
     In night's deep noon,  
 Oh ! I would ask of memory  
     No other boon.

But ah ! a lonelier fate is mine,  
     A deeper woe ;  
 From all I love in youth's sweet time  
     I soon must go ;  
 Drawn round me my pale robes of white,  
     In a dark spot  
 To sleep through death's long dreamless night  
     Lone and forgot.

—*Christian at Work.*

## THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The following poem, one of the most beautiful in the language, was written by Colonel Theodore O'Hara, of Kentucky, who served in the Mexican War, and also in the War of the Rebellion, first as Colonel of an Alabama regiment, and afterward as Chief of Staff to General Breckinridge. He died in 1867 on an Alabama plantation, and the Legislature of Kentucky have brought his remains home for interment, with those of other Kentucky soldiers, under a monument erected by the State. His poem drew its inspiration from scenes in the Mexican War, and these are the stanzas :

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
 The soldier's last tattoo :  
 No more on life's parade shall meet  
     That brave and fallen few.  
 On Fame's eternal camping ground  
     Their silent tents are spread,  
 And glory guards, with solemn round,  
     The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
     Now swells upon the wind ;  
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
     Of loved ones left behind ;  
 No vision of the morrow's strife  
     The warrior's dream alarms.  
 No braying horn or screaming fife  
     At the dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
 Their plumed heads are bowed,  
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
     Is now their martial shroud—  
 And plenteous funeral tears have wash'd  
     The red stains from each brow,  
 And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
     Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
     The bugle's stirring blast,  
 The charge, the beautiful cannonade,  
     The din and shout are past—  
 Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
     Shall thrill with fierce delight  
 Those breasts that never more may feel  
     The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane  
     That sweeps his great plateau,  
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
     Come down the serried foe—  
 Who heard the thunder of the fray  
     Break o'er the field beneath,  
 Knew well the watchword of that day  
     Was victory or death.

Full many a mother's breath has swept  
     O'er Angostura's plain,  
 And long the pitying sky has wept  
     Above its molder'd slain.  
 The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,  
     Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
 Alone now wake each solemn height  
     That frowned o'er that dread fray

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground !  
 Ye must not slumber there,  
 Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
 Along the heedless air ;  
 Your own proud land's heroic soil  
 Shall be your fitter grave ;  
 She claims from war its richest spoil—  
 The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
 Far from the gory field,  
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast  
 On many a bloody shield.  
 The sunshine of their native sky  
 Smiles sadly on them here,  
 And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
 The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !  
 Dear as the blood ye gave,  
 No impious footstep here shall tread  
 The herbage of your grave.  
 Nor shall your glory be forgot  
 While Fame her record keeps,  
 Or honor points the hallowed spot  
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.

You marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
 In deathless song shall tell,  
 When many a vanished year hath flown,  
 The story how ye fell ;  
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
 Nor Time's remorseless doom.  
 Can dim one ray of holy light  
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

—o—

### BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh ! the snow, the beautiful snow !  
 Filling the sky and the earth below,  
 Over the house-tops, over the street,  
 Over the heads of the people you meet,

Dancing,

Flirting,

Skimming along ;

Beautiful snow ! it can do no wrong,  
 Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,  
 Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak—  
 Beautiful snow from the heavens above,  
 Pure as an angel, gentle as love !

Oh ! the snow, the beautiful snow !  
 How the flakes gather and laugh as they go !  
 Whirling about in their maddening fun,  
 It plays in its glee with every one,  
 Chasing,

Chasing,

Laughing,

It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye,  
 And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
 Snap at the crystals that eddy around—  
 The town is alive and its heart in a glow,  
 To welcome the coming of beautiful snow !

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,  
 Hailing each other with humor and song !  
 How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,  
 Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye !

Ringling,

Swinging,

Dancing they go,

Over the crust of the beautiful snow !  
 Snow so pure, when it falls from the sky,  
 To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,  
 To be trampled and tracked by the thousands  
 of feet,

Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell !  
 Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven to hell ;  
 Fell to be trampled as filth in the street,  
 Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat ;

Pleading,

Cursing,

Dreading to die,

Selling my soul to whoever would buy ;  
 Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
 Hating the living and fearing the dead ;  
 Merciful God ! have I fallen so low ?  
 And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
 With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow.  
 Once I was loved for the charm of my grace,  
 Flattered and sought for the charms of my face !

Father,

Mother,

Sister all,

God and myself I've lost by my fall ;  
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
 Will make a wide swoop, lest I wander too nigh :  
 For all that is on or about me, I know  
 There is nothing as pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that the beautiful snow  
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go !  
 How strange it would be, when the night comes  
 again,

If the snow and the ice strike my desperate brain,

Fainting,

Freezing,

Dying alone ;

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan  
 To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,  
 Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,  
 To lie and to die in my terrible woe,  
 With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,  
 Sinner, despair not, Christ stoopeth low  
 To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin  
 And raise it to life and enjoyment again.

Groaning,

Bleeding,

Dying for thee !

The Crucified hung on the accursed tree.  
 His accents of mercy fall soft on my ear :  
 Is there mercy for me ? Will he heed my weak  
 prayer ?

O God, in the stream that for sinners did flow,  
 " Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

## LADY BYRON'S REPLY.

The following lines are Lady Byron's reply to Lord Byron's well-known "Fare thee well, and if forever, still forever fare thee well :—"

Yes, farewell ! Farewell forever ;  
Thou thyself hast fixed our doom—  
Bade Hope's sweet blossom wither,  
Never more for me to bloom.

"Unforgiving" thou hast called me !  
Did'st thou ever say "forgive ?"  
For the wretch whose wiles enthralled thee  
Thou did'st seem alone to live.

Short the span which time hath given  
To complete thy love's decay ;  
By unhallowed passions driven,  
Soon thy heart was taught to stray.

Lived for me that feeling tender  
Which so well thy verse can show ?  
From my arms why did'st thou wander ?  
My endearments why forego ?

Wrapped in dreams of joy abiding,  
On my breast thy head hath lain ;  
In thy love and truth confiding,  
Bliss I cannot know again.

When thy heart by me "glanced over,"  
First displayed the guilty stain,  
Would these eyes had closed forever,  
Ne'er to weep thy crimes again.

But, by heaven's recording spirit,  
May that wish forgotten be ;  
Life, though now a load, I'll bear it  
For the babe I've borne to thee.

In whose lovely features (let me  
All my weakness here confess  
While the struggling tears permit me)  
All her father's I can trace.

His whose image never leaves me,  
Whose remembrance yet I prize,  
Who this bitterest feeling gives me  
Still to love where I despise.

With regret and sorrow rather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
I shall teach her to say "father,"  
But his guilt she ne'er shall know.

Whilst to-morrow and to-morrow  
Wake me to a widow's bed,  
In another's arms no sorrow  
Wilt thou feel ?—no tear will shed ?

For the world's applause I sought not  
When I tore myself from thee ;  
Of its praise or blame I thought not—  
What its praise or blame to me ?

He in whom my soul delighted,  
From his heart my image drove ;  
With contempt my love requited,  
And preferred a wanton's love.

Thou art proud—and mark me, Byron,  
I've a soul as proud as thine own ;  
Soft to love, but hard as iron  
When despite on me is thrown.

But, farewell !—I'll not upbraid thee—  
Never, never wish thee ill,  
Wretched though thy crimes have made me ;  
If thou canst, be happy still.

—o—

## "THE EVENING BELLS."

Many of our readers are no doubt familiar with Thomas Moore's beautiful song of "The Evening Bells," but they may not be familiar with the incident which suggested them. The incident is as follows : In the Cathedral of Limerick there hangs a chime of bells which were cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery where they were first hung, that he might daily enjoy their sweet and solemn music. In some political revolution the bells were taken away to some distant land, and the maker himself became a refugee and exile. After some years he found his way to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shannon, suddenly the evening chimes pealed from the cathedral towers. His practiced ear caught the sweet sound, and he knew his lost treasures were found. His early home, his old friends, his beloved native land, all the best associations of his life were in those sounds. He laid himself back in the boat, crossed his arms upon his breast, and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, but still he lay there silent and motionless. They spoke to him, but he did not answer. They went to him, but his spirit had fled. The tide of memories that came vibrating through his heart at that well-known chime had snatched the silver chord and set him free. It was this incident which suggested to the poet the lines which are appended :

"Those evening bells ! those evening bells !  
How many a tale their music tells !  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time  
When last I heard their soothing chime !

"Those joyous hours are passed away,  
And many a heart that then was gay  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells.

"And thus 'twill be when I am gone,  
That tuneful peal shall still ring on ;  
While other bards shall walk these dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !"  
—*Parish Visitor.*

## CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away,  
 Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of one sad day;  
 And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair—  
 He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;  
 He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,  
 Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,  
 With its wall so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold,  
 "I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die  
 At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh,  
 Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,  
 As she spoke in husky whispers—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart  
 Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart;  
 "Long years I've rang the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;  
 Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;  
 I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,  
 Now I'm old I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,  
 And within her heart's deep center, Bessie made a solemn vow;  
 She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,  
 "At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood must die."  
 And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—  
 One low murmur scarcely spoken—"Curfew must not ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,  
 Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;  
 Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,  
 Staggered up the gloomy tower where the bell swung to and fro;  
 Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,  
 Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great, dark bell,  
 And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;  
 See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now—  
 And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.  
 Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,  
 As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;  
 There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;  
 And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell)  
 And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell:  
 Still the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,  
 Still her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more  
 Firmly on the damp, old ladder, where for hundred years before  
 Human foot had not been planted; and what this night had done  
 Should be told long ages after—as the rays of setting sun  
 Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white  
 Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,  
 Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty now;  
 At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn,  
 And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,  
 Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light;  
 "Go, your lover lives," cried Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

—o—

ORIGIN OF SLAVERY. — The importation of Negro slaves into the Spanish colonies commenced as early as 1501, and was continued under the sanction of the Spanish monarchs. Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman who (in 1562) embarked in this wicked traffic. In 1620 a Dutch vessel carried a cargo of slaves from Africa to Virginia, and this was the sad epoch of slavery in North America.

—o—

Look beyond the clouds, never despair!

## LIGHT.

This poem, by William Pitt Palmer, was, some years since, pronounced by one of the most eminent critics in Europe to be the finest production of the same length in our language.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,  
The sun rolled bleak and bare,  
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,  
Of the threads of my golden hair ;  
And when the broad tent of the firmament  
Arose on its airy bars,  
I penciled the hue of its matchless blue,  
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of Eden bowers,  
And their leaves of living green,  
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes  
Of Eden's virgin queen.  
And when the fiend's art on the trustful heart  
Has fastened its mortal spell,  
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear  
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed

Their work of wrath had sped,  
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,  
Came forth amongst the dead,  
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams  
I bade their terror cease,  
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll  
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,  
Night's funeral shadow slept—  
When shepherd swains, on Bethlehem's plains,  
Their lonely vigils kept—  
When I flashed on their sight the heralds  
bright,  
Of heaven's redeeming plan,  
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—  
Joy, joy to the outcast man !

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,  
On the just and unjust I descend ;  
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,  
Feel my smile the best smile of a friend.  
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced  
As the rose in the garden of kings.  
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,  
And lo ! the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,  
Conceals all the pride of her charms,  
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her flowers,  
And lead the young day to her arms ;  
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,  
And sinks to her balmy repose,  
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,  
In curtains of amber and rose !

From my sentinel sleep by the night-dreaded deep,

I gaze with unslumbering eyes,  
When the cynosure star of the mariner  
Is blotted from out the sky !  
And guided by me, through the merciless sea,  
Though sped by the hurricane's wing,  
His compassless, dark, lone, weltering bark  
To the haven home safely he brings.

I wakened the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,  
The birds in their chambers of green,  
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,  
As they bask in the matinal sheen.  
Oh, if such the glad worth of my presence on earth,  
Though fretful and fleeting the while,  
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,  
Ever bright with the Deity's smile !

—o—  
GOD PITY THE POOR.

The following pathetic lines were written by the late (Mrs. Mary A. Ford) "Una," the well-known Irish-American poetess :

The wild, rushing wings of the Tempest are sweeping  
The frost-fettered land like a spirit of wrath ;  
His fierce, icy breath with keen arrows is piercing  
The breast of the wand'ers who stand in his path ;  
The earth in a trance lies enshrouded in silence,  
The storm king knocks loudly at window and door ;  
The prayer of the pitiful fervently rises—  
God shelter the homeless and pity the poor !

God pity the poor who are wearily sitting  
By desolate hearth-stones, cold, cheerless and bare,  
From which the last ember's pale flicker has faded,  
Like hope dying out in the midst of despair ;  
Who look on the wide world and see it a desert  
Where ripple no waters, no green branches wave,  
Who see in a future as dark as the present  
No rest but the death-bed, no home but the grave.

God pity the poor when the eddying snow-drifts  
Are whirled by the wrath of the winter wind by,  
Like showers of leaves from the pallid star-lilies  
That float in the depths of the blue lake on high ;  
For though they are draping the broad earth in beauty,  
And veiling some flaw in each gossamer fold,  
That beauty is naught to the mother whose children  
Are crouching around her in hunger and cold.

God pity the poor, for the wealthy are often  
As hard as the winter, and cold as its snow;  
While fortune makes sunshine and summer  
around them,

They care not for others nor think of their  
woe;

Or if from their plenty a trifle be given,  
So doubtingly, grudgingly, often 'tis doled,  
That to the receiver their "charity" seemeth  
More painful than hunger, more bitter than  
cold.

God pity the poor! for though all men are  
brothers,

Though all say "*our* Father," not *mine*, when  
they pray,

The proud ones of earth turn aside from the  
lowly,

As if they were fashioned of different clay;  
They see not in those who in meekness and pa-  
tience

Toil, poverty, pain, without murmur endure,  
The Image of Him whose first couch was a man-  
ger,

Who chose for our sake to be homeless and  
poor.

God pity the poor! give them courage and pa-  
tience

Their trials, temptations, and troubles to  
brave,

And pity the wealthy whose idol is Fortune,  
For gold cannot gladden the gloom of the  
grave;

And as this brief life, whether painful or pleas-  
ant,

To one that is endless but opens the door,  
The heart sighs while thinking on palace and  
hovel,

God pity the wealthy as well as the poor.

—o—

### NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There is no time like the old time,  
When you and I were young;  
When the buds of April blossomed,  
And the birds of Spring-time sung.  
The garden's brightest glories  
By Summer suns are nursed,  
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets,  
The flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place,  
Where you and I were born,  
Where we lifted first our eyelids,  
On the splendors of the morn,  
From the milk-white breasts that warmed us,  
From the clinging arms that bore,  
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us  
That will look for us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend  
That has shared our morning days,  
No greeting like his welcome,  
No homage like his praise;  
Fame is the scentless sunflower,  
With gaudy crown of gold;  
But friendship is the breathing rose,  
With sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the love  
That we courted in our pride;  
Though our leaves are falling, falling,  
And we're fading side by side,  
There are blossoms all around us,  
With the colors of our dawn,  
And we live in borrowed sunshine  
When the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—  
They shall never be forgot!  
There is no place like the old place—  
Keep green the dear old spot!  
There are no friends like our old friends—  
May heaven prolong our lives!  
There are no loves like old loves—  
God bless our loving wives!

—o—

### A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

MRS. MARY A. FORD, "UNA."

We know of no other poem except, perhaps,  
the fine lines, "Why Should the Spirit of Mor-  
tal be Proud," wherein the vanity of human  
wishes, and the nothingness of a grabbing life  
are more truly and exquisitely depicted than in  
the following noble lines:

The surging sea of human life forever onward  
rolls,  
And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight  
of souls,  
Though bravely sails our bark to-day, pale  
death sits at the prow,  
And few shall know we ever lived a hundred  
years from now.

O mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely  
war and strive,  
While God's great world has ample space for  
everything alive?  
Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed, are  
waiting for the plow  
Of progress that shall make them bloom a  
hundred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly in life's short,  
narrow span,  
On golden stairs to climb so high above our  
brother man?  
Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish  
homage bow?  
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred  
years from now.

Why prizes so much the world's applause ? Why  
 dread so much its blame ?  
 A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame ;  
 The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that  
 dyes with shame the brow,  
 Will be as long-forgotten dreams a hundred  
 years from now.

O patient hearts, that meekly bear your weary  
 load of wrong !  
 O earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and, striving,  
 grow more strong !  
 Press on till perfect peace is won ; you'll never  
 dream of how  
 You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred  
 years from now.

Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that free-  
 dom, right, and truth  
 Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless  
 youth ;  
 When 'mid the blest, with God you rest, the  
 grateful lands shall bow  
 Above your clay in rev'rent love a hundred  
 years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time ! like  
 breakers on thy shore ;  
 They rush upon thy rocks of doom, go down ;  
 and are no more ;  
 The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's  
 radiant brow  
 Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred  
 years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes the past  
 and future stand  
 An open page, like babes we cling to Thy pro-  
 tecting hand ;  
 Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we  
 may safely bow  
 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne a hundred  
 years from now.

—*Irish World.*

### IN SCHOOL DAYS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road,  
 A ragged beggar sunning ;  
 Around it still the sumachs grow,  
 And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
 Deep scarred by raps official ;  
 The warping floor, the battered seats,  
 The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its walls ;  
 It's door's worn sill, betraying  
 The feet that creeping slow to school,  
 Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a Winter sun  
 Shone over it at setting ;  
 Lit up its western window panes  
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls  
 And brown eyes, full of grieving,  
 Of one who still her steps delayed  
 When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
 Her childish favor singled ;  
 His cap pulled low upon a face  
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
 To right and left, he lingered ;  
 As restlessly her tiny hands  
 The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eye ; he felt  
 The soft hands light caressing,  
 And heard the tremble of her voice,  
 As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word ;  
 I hate to go above you,  
 Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—  
 "Because, you see, I love you !"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
 That sweet child face is showing ;  
 Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave  
 Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school,  
 How few who pass above him,  
 Lament their triumph and his loss,  
 Like her—because they love him.

### THE PARTING HOUR.

The following exquisite poem was written by Edward Pollock, the gifted California poet, on the sixth of January, 1857. It was given by the poet to a friend who was about to embark on a steamer for Oregon, Pollock saying, "Take this ; you may, perhaps, read and appreciate the sentiment long after I have ceased to be among the living."

There's something in the "parting hour"  
 Will chill the warmest heart—  
 Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,  
 Are fated all to part.  
 But this I've seen—and many a pang  
 Has pressed it on my mind—  
 The one who goes is happier  
 Than the one he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be,  
 Adventurous, dangerous, far,  
 To the wild deep, bleak frontier,  
 To solitude or war ;  
 Still something cheers the heart that dares  
 In all of human kind,  
 And they who go are happier  
 Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home  
 With doubtings and with tears,  
 But does not Hope her rainbow spread  
 Across her cloudy fears?  
 Alas! the mother who remains,  
 What comfort can she find  
 But this—the gone is happier  
 Than one she leaves behind!

Have you a friend—a comrade dear,  
 An old and valued friend?  
 Be sure your term of sweet concourse  
 At length will have an end!  
 And when you part—as part you will—  
 O take it not unkind,  
 If he who goes is happier  
 Than you he leaves behind!

God wills it so, and so it is;  
 The pilgrims on their way,  
 Though weak and worn, more cheerful are  
 Than all the rest who stay.  
 And when at last, poor man subdued,  
 Lies down in death resigned,  
 May he not still be happier far  
 Than those he leaves behind?

—o—

#### “OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?”

Following is the poem so much admired by  
 President Lincoln when alive. It is reverent  
 in spirit and somber in tone, two qualifications  
 which doubtless recommend it to the kindly  
 consideration of his serious nature:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
 Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,  
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
 He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
 Be scattered around and together be laid—  
 And the young and the old, and the low and the  
 high,  
 Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved;  
 The mother that infant's affection who proved;  
 The husband that mother and infant who blest—  
 Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid, on whose cheek, on whose brow, in  
 whose eye,  
 Shone beauty and pleasure — her triumphs are  
 by;  
 And the memory of those who loved her and  
 praised,  
 Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath  
 borne;  
 The brow of the priest that the mitre hath  
 worn;

The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,  
 Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.  
 The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;  
 The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up  
 the steep;  
 The beggar, who wandered in search of his  
 bread,  
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of  
 heaven;  
 The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven;  
 The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
 Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the  
 weed,  
 That wither away to let others succeed;  
 So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
 To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things our fathers have  
 been;  
 We see the same sights our fathers have seen;  
 We drink the same stream and view the same  
 sun,  
 And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would  
 think;  
 From the death we are shrinking our fathers  
 would shrink,  
 To the life we are clinging they also would  
 cling,  
 But it speeds for us all like the bird on the  
 wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;  
 They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is  
 cold;  
 They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers  
 will come;  
 They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is  
 dumb.

They died—aye! they died; we, things that  
 are now,  
 Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow;  
 Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,  
 Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim-  
 age road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
 Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;  
 And the smile and the tear, the song and the  
 dirge,  
 Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a  
 breath,  
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of  
 death;  
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the  
 shroud;  
 Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

## DO NOT SING THAT SONG AGAIN.

This beautiful song, by Hugh F. McDermott, praised by the best of poets and of papers, has been translated into many languages and sung the whole world round.

Do not sing that song again,  
For it fills my heart with pain ;  
I am bending to the blast,  
And it tells me of the past,  
Of the years of long ago,  
When my days were young and fair,  
And my heart as light as air—  
When one feeling filled the breast,  
And one image gave it rest,  
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,  
I have lived my years in vain,  
And my hair is thin and gray,  
And I'm passing fast away ;  
On the dark and downward streams,  
I'm a wreck of idle dreams ;  
And it puts me on the rack  
At the weary looking back,  
At the ebb and at the flow,  
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,  
There's a tear in its refrain ;  
It brings sadly back the time  
When my manhood felt its prime ;  
When the comrades, dear and true,  
Closer, warmer, fonder grew  
In the hour of friendship's proof,  
When the false ones stood aloof,  
And their friendship was but show,  
In the long, long ago.

Do not sing that song again,  
It distracts my weary brain.  
Ah, too well, alas ! I know  
It is time for me to go,  
And to leave to younger eyes  
The mild myst'ry of the skies,  
And this mighty world I tread,  
And the grander age ahead.  
There's a mist upon the river,  
And there's bleakness on the shore ;  
And in dreams I pass forever,  
While sad music wafts me o'er.

## TWILIGHT.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

"There is an evening twilight of the heart,  
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,  
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,  
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.  
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret  
We gaze upon them as they melt away,  
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,

But Hope is round us with her angel lay,  
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour,  
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their power.

"In youth the cheek was crimsoned with her glow,  
Her smile was loveliest then ; her matin song  
Was heaven's own music ; and the note of woe  
Was all unheard, her sunny bowers among.  
Life's little world of bliss was newly born,  
We knew not, cared not, it was born to die,  
Flushed with the cool breeze, and the dews of morn,  
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,  
And mocked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue  
Like our own sorrows then, as fleeting and as few.

"And manhood felt her sway, too ; on the eye,  
Half realized, her early dreams burst bright,  
Her promised power of happiness seemed nigh,  
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight ;  
And though, at times, might lower the thunder storm,  
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air  
Was balmy with her breath ; and her loved form,  
The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there,  
'Tis in life's noontide she is nearer seen,  
Her wreath the Summer flower, her robe of Summer green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,  
There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now ;  
That angel smile of tranquil loveliness,  
Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow ;  
That smile shall brighten the dim evening star  
That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart  
Till the faint light of light is fled afar,  
And hushed the last deep beating of the heart ;  
The meteor bearer of our parting breath,  
A moonbeam in the midnight cloud of death."

## THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

The following incident in a district school, described by Mr. William Pitt Palmer, of New York, President of the Manhattan Insurance Company, in an address before "The Literary Society," in Stockbridge, Mass., his native home, will take many whose heads are now streaked with silvery hairs a journey back to boyhood and early life.

A district school, not far away,  
'Mid Berkshire hills, one Winter's day,  
Was humming with its wonted noise  
Of three-score mingled girls and boys—  
Some few upon their tasks intent,  
But more on furtive mischief bent ;

The while the Master's downward look  
 Was fastened on a copy-book—  
 When, suddenly, behind his back,  
 Rose, sharp and clear, a rousing SMACK !  
 As 'twere a battery of bliss  
 Let off in one tremendous kiss.  
 "What's that?" the startled Master cries.  
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,  
 "Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—  
 I thaw him kith Shutahunah Peathe!"  
 With frown to make a statue thrill,  
 The Master thundered, "Hither, Will!"  
 Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,  
 With stolen chattels on his back,  
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
 And to the awful presence came—  
 A great, green, bashful simpleton,

The butt of all good-natured fun,  
 With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,  
 The threatener faltered, "I'm amazed  
 That you, my biggest pupil, should  
 Be guilty of an act so rude!  
 Before the whole set school, to boot!  
 What evil genius put you to 't?"  
 "'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,  
 "I did n't mean to be so bad,  
 But when Susan shook her curls,  
 And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,  
 And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,  
 I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,  
 But up and kissed her on the spot.  
 I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,  
 But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—  
 I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

## MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

### DEATH-WARRANT OF CHRIST.

Chance has put into our hands the most imposing and interesting judicial document that has ever been recorded in human annals—that is, the identical death-warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ. We transcribe the document from a copy of the translation:

#### "SENTENCE

"Rendered by Pontius Pilate, Acting Governor of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer Death on the Cross.

"In the year seventeen of the Empire of Tiberius Cæsar, and the 4th of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem: Aneas and Calaphas being Priests, sacrificators of the people of God, I, Pontius Pilate, Governor of the prætorium, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great and notorious evidence of the people saying:

1. He is a seducer.
2. He is seditious.
3. He is the enemy of the law.
4. He calls himself, falsely, the son of God.
5. He calls himself King of Israel.
6. He entered into the Temple, followed by a multitude, bearing palm branches in their hands.

Order the Centurion, Quintius Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution.

Forbid any person, whatsoever, poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus."

The witnesses that signed the death warrant of Jesus, are:

1. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee.
2. Janus Horobable.
3. Capet, a citizen.

"Jesus shall go out of the city by the gate 'Streneous.'"

The above sentences are engraved on a copper plate; on one side are written these words:

"A similar plate is to be sent to each of those tribes."

It was found in an antique vase of white marble, while excavating in the city of Aquilla, in the Kingdom of Naples, in the year 1822, and was discovered by the Commissariat of Arts attached to the French armies. At the expedition of Naples it was found inclosed in a box of ebony, in the sacristy of Caurtem.

The French translation was made by the members of the Commission of Arts. The children requested earnestly that the plate might not be taken from them. The request was granted as a reward for the army. Mr. Demnon, one of the savans, caused a plate to be made of the model, on which he had engraved the above sentences. At the sale of his collection of curiosities, it was bought by Lord Howard for 5,881 francs.—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

## THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

The following description of the first prayer made in the Continental Congress is from a private letter of Mr. John Adams :

"PHILADELPHIA, 16 September, 1774.

"When the Congress first met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay, of New York, and Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiments—some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists—that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose and said he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from a gentleman of piety and virtue, who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duché (Dushay they pronounce it) deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duché, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress to-morrow morning. The motion was seconded, and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our President, waited on Mr. Duché, and received for answer that if his health would permit he certainly would. Accordingly, next morning, he appeared with his clerk, and in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form; and then read the Collect for the seventh day of September, which was the 35th Psalm. You must remember this was the next morning after we heard the horrible rumor of the cannonade of Boston. I never saw a greater effect upon an audience. It seemed as if heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning.

"After this, Mr. Duché, unexpected to everybody, struck out into an extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such earnestness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime—for America, for the Congress, for the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially the town of Boston. It had an excellent effect upon everybody here. I must beg you to read that Psalm. If there was any faith in the *Sortes Biblicæ* it would be thought providential."

From the top of Kearsarge Mountain, in New Hampshire, may be seen the birthplaces of Ezekiel and Daniel Webster, William Pitt Fessenden, Governor John A. Dix, Vice-President Henry A. Wilson, Lewis Cass, ex-United States Senator Jas. W. Grimes, of Iowa, United States Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, Levi Woodbury, Horace Greeley, General Benj. F. Butler, ex-President Franklin Pierce, and Chief-Justice Chase.

## THE CHANGES OF A CENTURY.

The nineteenth century has witnessed many and great discoveries.

In 1809, Fulton took out the first patent for the invention of the steamboat.

The first steamboats which made regular trips across the Atlantic Ocean were the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*, in 1830.

The first public application to practical use of gas for illumination was made in 1802.

In 1813, the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1813, there was built in Waltham, Mass., a mill, believed to have been the first in the world which combined all requirements of making finished cloth from the raw cotton.

In 1790, there were only twenty-five post-offices in the whole country, and up to 1837 the rates of postage were twenty-five cents for a letter sent over four hundred miles.

In 1807, wooden clocks commenced to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

The first railroad opened for the conveyance of passengers was the Darlington and Stockton (England) road, in 1825.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of any considerable length, in the United States, was constructed.

In 1840, the first experiments in photography were made by Daguerre.

About 1840, the first express business was established.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1820.

In 1836, the first patent for the invention of matches was granted.

In 1845, the first telegram was sent.

Steel pens were introduced for use in 1803.

The first successful trial of a reaper took place in 1833.

In 1846, Elias Howe obtained a patent for his first sewing machine.

The first successful method of making vulcanized India rubber was patented in 1839.

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## NAMES OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Sunday is called from the *Sun*, whom the Saxons worshipped as a God.

Monday, from the *Moon*, also worshipped as an idol.

Tuesday is so called from *Tuisco*, one of the most ancient and peculiar gods of the Germans.

Wednesday, from *Woden*, a valiant Saxon prince, who was afterward deified.

Thursday is called from *Thor*, worshipped by all the heathen nations.

Friday received its name from *Friga*, who was the same with the earth, and was esteemed the mother of all the deities.

Saturday, from *Seater*, another of the Saxon deities.

## FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Frogs, toads and serpents never take any food but that which they are satisfied is alive.

When a bee, wasp or hornet stings, it is nearly always at the expense of its life.

Serpents are so tenacious of life that they will live for six months and longer without food.

Turtles dig holes in the sea-shore and bury their eggs, covering them up to be hatched by the sun.

Lobsters are very pugnacious, and fight severe battles. If they lose a claw another grows out.

A single codfish produces more than a million of eggs in a season.

A whale suckles its young, and is therefore not a fish. Themother's affection is remarkable.

Toads become torpid in Winter, and hide themselves, taking no food for five or six months.

Serpents of all species shed their skins annually like sea-crabs and lobsters.

It is believed that crocodiles live to be hundreds of years old. The Egyptians embalmed them.

The head of the rattlesnake has been known to inflict a fatal wound after being severed from the body.

If the eye of a newt is put out, another one is soon supplied by rapid growth.

Fishes have no eyelids, and necessarily sleep with their eyes open.

Alligators fall into a lethargic sleep during the Winter season, like the toad.

The power of serpents to charm birds and small quadrupeds is a well authenticated fact.

There are agricultural ants in Texas that actually plant grain, and reap and store the harvest.

— o —  
THOUGH DEAD YET HE LIVES.

The name of Washington lives, and is loved by every American citizen, and will be as long as there is a heart left to love. We copy the following from the *Ulster County Gazette* of January 4th, 1800, that our readers may have a record of the burial of the remains of this great and good man :

## WASHINGTON ENTOMBED.

*George Town, Dec. 20.*

On Wednesday last, the mortal part of WASHINGTON the Great—the Father of his Country and the Friend of man, was consigned to the tomb, with solemn honors and funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled from many miles round, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves — the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion—but, alas ! the august inhabitant *was now no more*. That great soul was *gone*. His mortal part was there, indeed ; but ah ! how affect-

ing ! how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus to mortal eyes, fallen ! Yes ! fallen ! fallen !

In the long and lofty *Portico*, where oft the Hero walked in all his glory, *now* lay the shrouded corpse. The countenance still composed and serene, seemed to express the dignity of the spirit, which lately dwelt in that lifeless form. There those who paid the last sad honors to the benefactor of his country took an impressive—a farewell view.

On the ornament, at the head of the coffin, was inscribed SURGE AD JUDICIUM — about the middle of the coffin, GLORIA DEO — and on the silver plate,

## GENERAL

.GEORGE WASHINGTON,

Departed this life, on the 14th December, 1799,  
Æt. 68.

Between three and four o'clock, the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn sorrow — the corpse was moved—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

The procession was formed and moved on in the following order :

|           |                       |
|-----------|-----------------------|
| Cavalry,  | } With arms reversed. |
| Infantry, |                       |
| Guard,    |                       |
| Music,    |                       |
| Clergy,   |                       |

The General's horse, with his saddle holsters and pistols.

|               |             |               |
|---------------|-------------|---------------|
| Cols.         | } CORPSE. } | Cols.         |
| Simms,        |             | Gilpin.       |
| Ramsay,       |             | Marsteller.   |
| Payne,        |             | Little.       |
| Pall Bearers. |             | Pall Bearers. |

Mourners.

Masonic Brethren.

Citizens.

When the procession arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the banks of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched toward the Mount and formed their lines—the Clergy, the Masonic Brothers, and the Citizens, descended to the Vault, and the funeral service of the Church was performed.—The firing was repeated from the vessel in the river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges by the infantry—the cavalry, and 11 pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac back of the Vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States and to the departed Hero.

The sun was now setting. Alas ! the SON OF GLORY was set forever. No — the name of WASHINGTON—the American President and General—will triumph over DEATH ! The unclouded brightness of his Glory will illuminate the future ages !

## AN INGENIOUS COMPOSITION.

The following is a curious piece of antiquity. We know not the author. The middle cross represents our Saviour; those on either side, the two thieves. On the top and down the cross are our Lord's expressions, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" and on the top of the cross is the following Latin inscription: INRI—Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judeorum, *i. e.*, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. Upon the cross on the right hand is the prayer of one of the thieves: "Lord! remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom." On the left-hand cross is the saying or reproach of the other: "If thou beest the Christ, save thyself and us." The whole, comprised together, makes an excellent piece of poetry, which is to be read across all the columns, and makes as many lines as there are letters in the alphabet. It is, perhaps, one of the most curious pieces of composition to be found on record, as well as an excellent penitential psalm.

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| My God! My God!<br>I come to thee,<br>To hear me wretch,<br>Did never close,<br>Let not, O God!<br>And numberless, bet<br>And my poor soul be t                                                                                                                                                                        | INRI | bow down thy blessed ears<br>and let thine eyes which sleep<br>behold a sinner weep.<br>My God! my faults tho' great<br>seen thy mercy seat.<br>rown since we are taught                                                                                                               | If thou beest sought<br>the r merit<br>Christ inherit:<br>ri pes my bliss,<br>st in his.<br>Sa viour God,<br>v engeful rod.<br>e are set,<br>th e debt.<br>y I know,<br>s hould I go?<br>e thine to me,<br>l th must be.<br>f aith implore<br>e r more.<br>a nd keep,<br>n e'er slip;<br>d then,<br>us say, Amen |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Thou! Lord! remember est th<br>me Not Lord wit<br>wh at I liv my S<br>en his wound<br>th orns, my dea<br>on my bles<br>co unts, with<br>me my h<br>st forgi<br>in g fount, the li<br>to thee<br>th er helps a<br>y cross- my<br>k en then, wh<br>in & death sin<br>G od! my way<br>d eath defe<br>om let<br>e with the |      | ue<br>any o<br>viour<br>s my balm, his st<br>t h be lo<br>t Redeemer,<br>old thy<br>o pes on the<br>v e, as well as pay<br>f e. the wa<br>o whither<br>r e, vain giv<br>s aving hea<br>t I with<br>a me forev<br>k e s direct<br>e d that from thee I<br>n o be raise<br>m e sweet Jes |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| I co<br>Than<br>Be th<br>My crown his<br>And th<br>Quit my ac<br>O beg for<br>Thou Chri<br>The liv<br>And but<br>All o<br>For by th<br>O hear<br>Lest s<br>Oh! Lord! my<br>In<br>And at the do<br>To liv                                                                                                               |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |

## PEN PORTRAIT OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Found in an ancient manuscript sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome: "News to the Senate of Rome concerning JESUS CHRIST in the days of Tiberius Caesar the Emperour, as the governours of sundry provinces under the Senate and people of Rome used to advertise the Senate of such news as chanced in diverse counties.

"Publius Lentulus, being at that time president in Judea, wrote an epistle to the Senate and people of Rome, the words whereof were these: 'There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named JESUS CHRIST, who is yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a Prophet of Truth, but his own disciples called Him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear; his hair of

the color of philbert full ripe, and plain almost down to his ears; but from the ears downward somewhat curled, and more orient of color, waving on his shoulders. In the midst of his head goeth a seam, or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead, very plain and smooth; his face, without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable in color to the hair of his head, not of any great length, in the midst of an innocent and mature look; his eyes gray, clear and quick. In reprov- ing, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair-spoken; pleasant in speech, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, well-shaped and straight: his hands and arms right, and delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest and wise. A man for singular beauty surpassing the children of men.'

## OLD-FASHIONED LOVE LETTERS.

Letters between the first Governor of Massachusetts and his wife, about the year 1625 :

MY MOST SWEET HUSBAND :—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife than to hear of the welfare of her best-beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavors? I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes things seem better than they are. I wish that I might always please thee, and that those comforts which we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they may be pleasing to God. I will use the speech to thee that Abigail did to David: "I will be a servant to wash the feet of my Lord." I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented. I have many reasons to make me love thee, wherefore I will name two: first, because thou lovest God; and, secondly, because thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be two or three weeks before I see thee. Though they be long ones, God will bring us together in His good time, for which I shall pray. Farewell, my good husband; the Lord keep thee. Your obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP.

MY GOOD WIFE :—Although I wrote to thee last week, yet, having so fit an opportunity, I must write to thee again; for I do esteem one little, sweet, short letter of thine (such as the last was) to be worthy of two or three from me.

I began this letter yesterday, at two o'clock, thinking to have been at large, but was so taken up by company and business as I could get but hither by this morning. It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expressions of my love to thee, that thou art dearer to me than all earthly things; but I will endeavor that my prayers may supply the defects of my pen, which will be of use to us both, inasmuch as the favor and blessing of God is better than all things beside.

I know thou lookest for troubles here, and, when one affliction is over, to meet with another; but remember our Saviour tells us, "Be of good comfort. I have overcome the world." Therefore, my good wife, rise up thy heart, and be not dismayed at the crosses thou meetest with in family affairs, or otherwise; but still fly to Him who will take up thy burden for thee. Go thou on cheerfully, in obedience to His holy will, in the course He hath set thee. Peace

shall come. I commend thee and all thine to the gracious protection and blessing of the Lord.

Farewell, my good wife. I kiss and love thee with the kindest affection, and rest

Thy faithful husband,

JOHN WINTHROP.

MOST LOVING AND GOOD HUSBAND :—I have received your letters. The true tokens of your love and care of my good, now in your absence as well as when you are present, make me think the saying false, "Out of sight, out of mind." I am sure my heart and thoughts are always near you, to "do you good, and not evil, all the days of my life." I rejoice in the expectation of our happy meeting; for the absence has been very long in my conceit, and thy re-presence much desired. Thy welcome is always ready; make haste and entertain it.

And so I bid my good husband farewell, and commit him to the Lord.

Your loving, obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP.

—*Christian Union.*

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THE GREAT BELLS OF THE WORLD. — The great bells of Moscow, called the Tsar Kolokol, or King of Bells, is the largest in the world. It is 19 feet 3 inches high, and measures around its margin 60 feet 9 inches. It is estimated to weigh 443,772 pounds, and the metal in it is valued at more than \$300,000. The bells of China rank next in size to those of Russia, but are much inferior to them in form and tone. In Peking, it is stated by Father Le Compte, there are seven bells, each weighing 120,000 pounds. One in the suburbs of the city is, according to the testimony of many travelers, the largest suspended bell in the world. It is hung near the ground, in a large pavilion, and to ring it, a huge beam is swung against its side. A bell taken from the Dagon pagoda at Rangoon was valued at \$80,000. Among the bells recently cast for the new Houses of Parliament, the largest weighs 14 tons. The next largest bell in England was cast in 1845 for York Minster, and weighs 27,000 pounds, and is 7 feet 7 inches in diameter. The great Tom of Oxford weighs 17,000 pounds, and the Great Tom of Lincoln 12,000 pounds. The bell of St. Paul's, in London, is 9 feet in diameter, and weighs 11,500 pounds. One placed in the Cathedral of Paris, in 1680, weighs 38,000 pounds. One in Vienna, cast in 1711, weighs 40,000 pounds; and in Olmutz, is another weighing about the same. The famous bell called Susanna of Erfurt is considered to be of the finest bell-metal, containing the largest proportion of silver; its weight is about 30,000 pounds; it was cast in 1497. At Montreal, Canada, is a larger bell than any in England, weighing 29,400 pounds; it was imported in 1843 for the Nôtre-Dame Cathedral. In the opposite tower of the Cathedral is a chime of ten bells, the heaviest of which weighs 6,043 pounds, and their aggregate weight is 21,800 pounds.—*Appleton's American Cyclopaedia.*

## THE OLDEST BIBLE MANUSCRIPTS.

The two most ancient manuscripts of the Bible known are the Codex Sinaiticus of the Imperial library, at St. Petersburg, and the Codex Vaticanus, of the Vatican library, at Rome, both of which are believed to have been written about the middle of the fourth century, A. D. The Linaiticus, so called because it was obtained (in 1859) from the convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, is supposed by Tischendorf, its discoverer, to be one of the fifty copies of the scriptures which the Emperor Constantine directed to be made for Byzantium, in the year 331, under the care of Eusebius of Cæsarea. It consists of 245½ leaves of very fine vellum, made either from the skins of antelopes or of asses, each leaf being 14½ inches high by 13½ inches wide. The early history of the Vatican manuscript is not known, but it appears in the first catalogue of the Vatican library, in 1475. It is a quarto volume, containing 146 leaves of fine, thin vellum, each 10½ inches high and 10 broad. Both manuscripts are written in Greek uncials, or capital letters, are without spaces between the words, and have no marks of punctuation. — *Appleton's American Cyclopaedia*.

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## MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

The famous prophecy of Mother Shipton, in England, has been pretty much fulfilled during the time that has elapsed since her day. Steamboats, telegraphs, iron-clads, tunnels, the gold discoveries, the admission of the Jews into England, have been accomplished in our century; as the fire of London, the execution of Charles I., the death of Cardinal Wolsey, and the reigns of Elizabeth and James, prophesied long before, came to pass, each in their own time. The British Museum contains several editions of her "Prophecies"—one made in 1663, another in 1667; still a later one printed at Newcastle in 1775, and the last one a reprint dated 1870, and from which we copy the following, word for word:

A house of glass shall come to pass  
In England—but, alas!  
War will follow with the work  
In the land of the Pagan and Turk;  
And state and state, in fierce strife,  
Will seek each others' life.  
But when the North shall divide the South,  
An eagle shall build in the lion's mouth.

Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with woe;  
Primrose Hill in London shall be,  
And in its centre a Bishop's See.  
Around the world thoughts shall fly,  
In the twinkling of an eye.

Waters shall yet more wonders do,  
Now, strange shall yet be true.  
The world upside down shall be;  
And gold found at the root of a tree.  
Through hills man shall ride,  
And no horse or ass walk by his side.  
Under water men shall walk,  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.  
In the air men shall be seen,  
In white and black and green.

Iron in the water shall float,  
As easy as a wooden boat.  
Gold shall be found, and found  
In a land that's not now known.  
Fire and water shall more wonders do,  
England shall at last admit a Jew.  
The Jew that was held in scorn  
Shall of a Christian be born, and born.

Three times three shall lovely France  
Be led to dance a bloody dance,  
Before her people shall be free.  
Three tyrant rulers shall she see;  
Three times the people rule alone;  
Three times the people's hope is gone  
Three rulers in succession see,  
Shall spring from different dynasty.  
Then shall the worse fight be done,  
England and France shall be as one.

All England's sons that plow the land  
Shall be seen book in hand.  
Learning shall so ebb and flow,  
The poor shall more wisdom know.

The world to an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

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## ANCIENT WONDERS.

Nineveh was fourteen miles long, eight wide, and forty-six miles around, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and one hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof—it was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids was four hundred and eighty-one feet in height, and eight hundred and fifty-three feet on the sides. The base covered eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and eight. It employed 350,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains three hundred chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles around, and containing 350,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$50,000,000 and the Emperor Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles around.

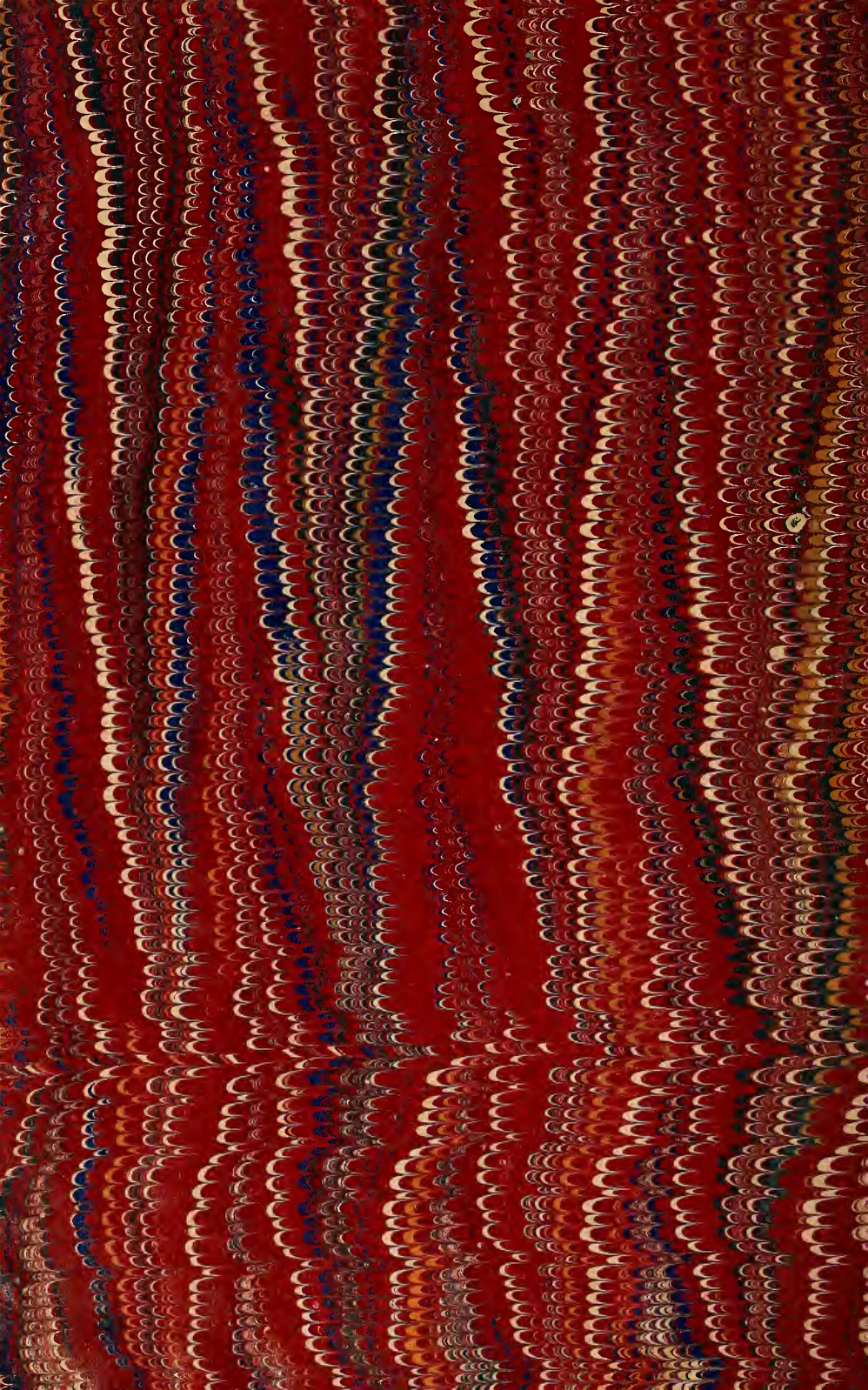


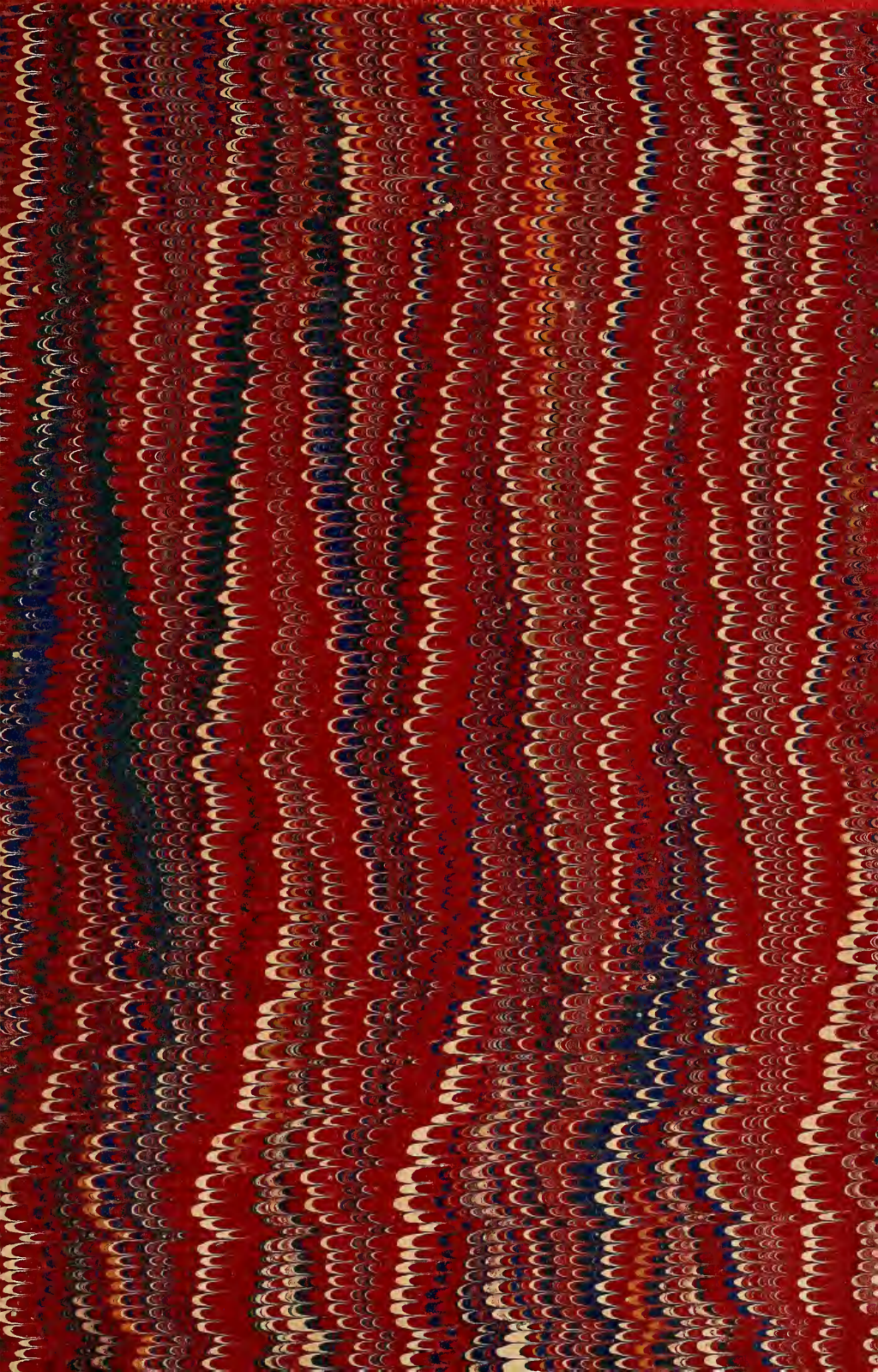


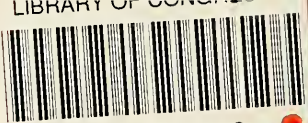












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